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Established June, 1766, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.
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Local Matters

DEATH AT FIRE

The burning of a barn on the property of Charles H. Bull at the One Mile Corner early Thursday morning was responsible for one death and for much excitement in the residential neighborhood on the west side of Broadway. Charles H. Bull, caretaker on the Bull property, dropped dead from heart trouble induced by the excitement of the fire. A colored man, James Johnson, who was sleeping in the upper part of the barn, jumped to safety when he found his escape cut off, and then devoted himself to saving the live stock in the building.

It was a little after four o'clock Thursday morning that residents of that section were aroused by the cries of the man Johnson, who yelled "fire" while saving the stock. An alarm was telephoned in from Canonous avenue, with the request that the box be sounded from headquarters, but the operator thought the fire was over the Middletown line, so sent merely the chemical apparatus. The Middletown pumper was also summoned and was quickly on the scene. By that time the barn was burning fiercely and sparks were travelling in such a direction as to threaten houses on the west side of Broadway. A long hose line was connected up, and for several hours the firemen of the two departments worked together to drown out the last vestige of fire, but the barn itself with a large quantity of hay was totally destroyed.

MIDDLETOWN BUNGALOW BURNED

There was another mysterious fire in Middletown, near the One Mile Corner, early Friday morning, when the handsome bungalow built a few years ago by Denis Shea was totally destroyed. No cause for the fire can be ascertained, as the building was supposed to be unoccupied at the time. The residents of that section are beginning to fear that the Aquidneck Avenue firebug has turned his attention to another section of the community and are becoming much aroused.

It was a little after one o'clock Friday morning that a passing motorist discovered the flames and aroused the neighbors, who sent in an alarm to the Middletown fire headquarters. The men found their work cut out for them and sent a request to Newport for aid, a chemical engine being sent out from here. The building set in the midst of a considerable cluster of wooden buildings and it was necessary to work hard to save the nearby property.

This property was sold at auction last week and was bought by J. J. Connell of Newport for something over \$11,000. The tenant had just moved out of the house, and no one was supposed to be living there, but it was said that lights had been seen inside the house during the evening before the fire.

This makes two fires in the same section in two consecutive nights. As a result, the neighborhood is considerably upset.

Mr. Benjamin F. Tanner has been confined to his home by illness.

KILLED BY AUTO

There was a distressing fatality in the town of Portsmouth last Sunday morning, when Robbins Curtis Little, the twelve year old son of Rev. and Mrs. Francis K. Little, was killed by a motor car driven by William Hansen, of Newport. Rev. and Mrs. Little, who are now living in New York, were immediately notified and came to Newport to take the body to their old home in Rhinebeck, N. Y., for interment.

Rev. Mr. Little was formerly rector of Emmanuel Church, leaving Newport last summer to accept a pastorate in New York. The son was attending Miss Weaver's school at Weaver Manor for the winter. Last Sunday morning he started for St. Mary's Church in Portsmouth to attend worship there, going out by trolley. As he stepped from the trolley to go into the church the Red sedan of Mr. Hansen came along. The driver tried to check the speed of the car, and in swerving out of the road the car was overturned and came down on top of the boy, who was killed instantly. Mrs. Hansen, who was riding with her husband, was painfully but not seriously injured. With the assistance of the motorman of the trolley car and others the automobile was righted and it was then found that the boy was apparently past aid. Medical assistance was procured and Chief Deegan of the Portsmouth police force hurried to the scene and took charge of the situation.

Mr. Hansen was placed under arrest and was later arraigned before Clerk George H. Kelley of the District Court on a charge of manslaughter. He pleaded not guilty and bail was fixed at \$5000, with Michael Hattub as surety.

PARK TABLET DEDICATED

The memorial tablet at Miantonomi Park was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies last Sunday afternoon in the presence of a large gathering of people, many of whom had not visited the Park for many years, if ever. The dedicatory ceremonies were simple but appropriate and impressive. The tablet itself is fixed to a jutting rock in such a position that it harmonizes well with the surroundings.

There was a brief procession from the entrance to the park to the spot where the tablet is located, the line being headed by members of the Commission, representatives of the army and navy, and the speakers of the occasion, and being escorted by the Fort Band. Detachments of the Coast Artillery and of the Naval Apprentices were drawn up as guard of honor for the ceremonies.

Mr. Dudley E. Campbell presided and the assemblage united in singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic, after which Rev. Stanley C. Hughes offered prayer. Mayor Sullivan was the first speaker and was followed by Congressman Burdick, who was Mayor of Newport during the World War. Mr. Campbell delivered the dedicatory address, paying fitting tribute to those who had laid down their lives for their country.

At the conclusion of the address, the tablet was unveiled by John D. Feltham, the young son of Lieut. John H. Feltham, who was killed in France. Rev. Edward A. Higney pronounced the benediction and all joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

A special meeting of the representative council will be held next Monday evening, to dispose of a large amount of routine business that must be taken care of at this time of year. There will probably be some discussion of finances. The committee of 25 has been at work for some time, and many of the sub-committees have their reports well advanced.

Chief of Police John S. Tobin is back to his home on Spring street, after having spent a week at the Hot Springs of Virginia. There it was found that the climate did not agree with him, and he was ordered by his physician to return to his home. He is now resting in an effort to recuperate his strength after the fatiguing journey.

Mr. Joseph S. Milne will start this week for Miami, Florida, to look after the interests of the Casino there. Manager McGowan will remain in Newport this winter to take charge of the work on the new buildings here. A number of Newporters are already in Miami for the winter.

The many workers for Forget-Me-Not Day last Saturday disposed of a large number of their flowers and collected a very substantial sum for the benefit of the relief funds for Disabled Veterans.

ARMISTICE DAY

Last Monday was observed as Armistice Day in Newport and the celebration was the most extensive that has been seen here since the end of the war. It was not a day of festivity, but rather of remembrance, and the programme was arranged and carried out from that aspect.

There was a very general closing of all places of business in the morning hours, at least, many stores re-opening at one o'clock, while all public offices were closed for the entire day. The American colors were everywhere in evidence, and in a few places the flags of the allies were displayed also.

At the hour set for the parade, the streets were lined with people, and the display of uniformed forces proved very impressive, while the number in the ranks of the American Legion was greater than has been seen heretofore.

The programme for the day was closely adhered to, and all the events were timed very closely to the schedule. Promptly at 9.45 the procession moved down Washington Square and at 11.00 o'clock the exercises on the City Hall lawn were begun.

The unveiling of the new memorial there was accomplished by the relatives of the men whose names are engraved upon the tablet, and at the moment that the cover was removed, the flag was unfurled at the top of the great staff and a number of American Beauty roses were released from its folds—one for each name on the roll of honor.

The new memorial is a wonderfully attractive bit of art. It really serves as the base for a splendid straight pine flag staff which arises through its center, the pole being surmounted by a gilded eagle. The memorial is divided into three panels, two of which bear the names of the roll of honor men and the third the dedication.

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Baker has set in the Superior Court without a jury this week, the time being devoted to equity hearings principally. There have been a few motions heard in divorce matters, including the Bridges case, in which the question of jurisdiction was brought up. The case of David A. Lawton and wife vs. Clarence C. Thurston, administrator, occupied a long time. This concerned the will of Mary J. Hammond, widow of Joshua Hammond. Petitioners claimed that Mrs. Hammond made a contract with them to care for her during her life and that she would leave them all her property at her death. Her will gave the property to Hazen Carr and Clarence C. Thurston. Many witnesses were called on both sides, and some out of town parties, including Rev. William Safford Jones, testified on depositions. Court reserved decision.

On Thursday the case of Henry I. Chase vs. Frederick W. Smythe was heard by Judge Baker. This had to do with the right of way to the shore in Middletown, which it was claimed defendant had closed by a locked gate. Much testimony was introduced showing the use of the way in question for many years. For the defense, there was apparently no dispute of the right to go to the shore for sand, gravel, etc., but objection was made to the use of the way to the shore for bathing purposes. This plaintiff said was not claimed. The Court entered the order granting to plaintiff the right to the shore for the purposes specified.

MISS THEODORA TAYLOR

Miss Theodora Taylor, daughter of the late Alexander O'D. Taylor, died at her home on Mt. Vernon street on Monday after a long illness. She had been confined to her home for several months, and it was realized that there was no hope for her recovery. The end came very peacefully and painlessly, as she passed away in her sleep. She was well known in Newport, where she had lived for many years. She had engaged in tutoring while her health permitted, and was active in many organizations for the betterment of civic conditions here. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Sidney Preston, now living in India, and two brothers, Messrs. A. O'D. Taylor and Hugh L. Taylor.

Mr. Lawrence K. Ebbs has been appointed local Scout Executive to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Robert E. Goullie some months ago. Mr. Ebbs will enter upon his new duties immediately.

The police have received many reports of minor robberies at private garages.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

The School Committee had a long and busy session on Tuesday evening, the date being changed from Monday which was a holiday. Judge Baker was chairman pro tem in the absence of the Chairman and Vice Chairman.

There was considerable discussion regarding High School matters, Headmaster Webber being present and answering many questions. He called attention to some improvements that are still needed. There was much talk about the work of Miss Franklin with the girls of the school, and a motion was made to increase her salary, but this was deemed unwise at this time, and the proposition was voted down. There was also some discussion about the work of the High School girls on the various "drives," some thinking that their efforts were all right, and others that they would be better off if they did not participate in these efforts.

The committee that had conferred with the board of aldermen in regard to turning over the various school buildings, reported progress, but a further conference was arranged for Thursday evening between the committee and the aldermen to complete the details. The board is ready to turn over the property, but the school committee wants assurance that the various work can be completed from the money left from the original appropriations.

A controversy between the department and the board of health was also brought up again. The Health department stated that it would be necessary for children returning to school after absences for sickness to obtain their permits from the board's examiner as heretofore. This was in reply to a query sent to the board some months ago.

MOOREFIELD STOREY COMING

The Newport Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will hold a mass meeting at the Second Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon at 2.30, when Hon. Moorefield Storey of Boston will be the principal speaker. Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan will act as Master of Ceremonies, and the Board of Aldermen, Newport Bar Association, and Directors of the Chamber of Commerce will attend in a body.

The program will include the singing of America by the congregation, prayer by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, address by Hon. Moorefield Storey, congregational singing, and the benediction by Rev. J. H. Robinson.

Mr. David B. Allen is president of the Local Branch, and Maude Smith is the secretary.

The Rotary Club of Newport had its Charter Night banquet at the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening, a feature of the evening being the presence of many of the wives of the members. Guests were present from the Rotary Clubs of Providence, Fall River and other places, and the evening proved a most enjoyable one. President Norman MacLeod presided, and the speakers included Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan, President William A. Peckham of the Lions Club, District Governor Daniel Sullivan of Fall River, and Mr. Donald A. Adams of Yale University. The excellent turkey dinner was served by the members of the Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A.

A number of invitations have been issued by the Trustees of the People's Library to representatives of various local activities to attend a meeting to be held at the Library on Thursday, November 22, for the purpose of presenting the opportunities which the Library offers to individuals and organizations. The speakers will be Mrs. William S. Sims and Mr. C. E. Sherman, assistant librarian of the Providence Public Library.

The Water Works has posted its holdings around the Ponds with notices forbidding shooting thereon. There have been so many accidents and near accidents within the past few years, that this action was decided to be absolutely necessary.

The highway department is making some temporary repairs to Broadway, which it is hoped will carry the roadway through the winter. Many of the depressions caused by the settling of the trench are still allowed to remain.

The Wauwatomoni Golf and Country Club will have a get-together dinner at the Club house next Tuesday evening at 7.00 o'clock. It is hoped to have a large attendance of members and stockholders.

WILLIAM J. O. YOUNG

Mr. William J. O. Young, for many years engaged in business in Newport as a barber, died on Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William L. Frank, 2nd, on Gibbs avenue. He had been ill but a comparatively short time, and his death was unexpected by his friends.

Mr. Young was the older son of the late Enoch G. Young, who was one of Newport's best known barbers. William J. O. Young worked in his father's shop, and after the latter's death carried on the business for a time. He conducted a shop on Broadway, and more lately had operated a small confectionery store on Church street. He had recently been living at the Odd Fellows Home in East Providence, but had returned to Newport a short time before his death.

He was a member of Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men. Besides his daughter, he leaves a brother, Mr. Albert C. Young, now living in Keene, N. H.

The Lions Club of Newport has at last found a desirable site for the automobile camping ground which they have been proposing to construct in Newport, and if the land can be obtained for this purpose it is their intention to go ahead with the project at once. The necessity for such a camp in this section has long been felt, and it will be a greater necessity than ever if the ferry service next year should be so much improved as to make Newport a part of the auto route between the West and the resorts of New England.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Fire at Manchester Home

The Middletown fire department was called to a fire early Tuesday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Manchester. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper C. Mitchell, were getting an early breakfast, with an oil stove. Both happened to leave the room, and upon returning, some clothes on a rack over the stove had caught fire, and the entire kitchen, which is an ell, was in flames. The Middletown fire department was upon the scene in exactly eight minutes and some began at once to work upon it with the chemical stream, while others of the department got the hose line into the cistern. In this manner, the fire was soon put out. The fire had burned into the living room and into one bedroom. It is estimated that the damage is about \$500.

Miss Ivah L. Peckham, daughter of Representative William J. Peckham, graduated on Wednesday evening from the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital in Boston. A number of her relatives and friends attended the exercises.

The Men's Community Club is planning a public whist which will be held on Wednesday evening, November 21. This will be in charge of Messrs. Edward Wilson, Percy T. Bailey and Ernest Champlin.

A supper was held at St. Mary's Rectory on Wednesday evening, for the men of the community. Whist was also enjoyed.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday with Mrs. Howard G. Peckham. Mr. Lorenzo F. Kinney, Jr., State Club leader, spoke on the subject of children's club work and the state program, which has been outlined for the coming year.

Miss Helen Coggeshall has been visiting in New Bedford.

It has been decided by the Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee that a mass meeting in the interest of Red Cross subscriptions will be inadvisable, owing to the number of cases of diphtheria in the town. The prizes for the school children's health posters have been awarded by Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham. These prizes were new dollar bills in long white envelopes, and were the personal gifts of Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, who is chairman of the committee.

An auction sale of farm stock and tools was held at Gray Craig Farm, off Paradise avenue, occupied by Joseph S. Venancie. Mr. Edward E. Peckham was the auctioneer.

Mrs. Fred Coggeshall entertained the St. Mary's branch of the Woman's Auxiliary at an all-day meeting on Wednesday.

The Oliphant Reading Club met on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Martha Bliss.

The regular meeting of St. Columba's Guild was held on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Plummer and their son, Lewis B. Plummer, Jr., and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham have been guests of Mr. Plummer's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall C. Allen, at Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mrs. David A. Brown, Jos. A. Peckham, J. W. Peckham, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham, Lawrence Peckham, Frank T. Peckham, Alex. Allan, G. Alvin Simmons and W. Gardner Peckham, of this town, are on the committee to secure memberships in the drive of the Newport County Farm Bureau. Those on the committee from Portsmouth are Messrs. B. T. Sherman, Aervin P. Briggs, and Fred Hicks.

Miss Charlotte Simone, Red Cross Supervisor of the Red Cross Public Health nursing service for Rhode Island and Massachusetts, has returned to her home in Boston after a visit with Mrs. Violet Hodgson.

Rev. and Mrs. John Pearce have had as guests their daughter, Miss Margaret Pearce, and Mrs. Eva Fisher of Brockton, Mass. Miss Pearce is a teacher in the schools of Bridgewater, Mass.

The public schools of this town and Portsmouth were closed on Monday, to commemorate Armistice Day.

There have been twenty-one cases of diphtheria reported in this town. Dr. Norman MacLeod, the public school doctor, is taking cultures at the schools and the health authorities are looking closely at this situation.

The Middletown Women's Christian Temperance Union sent as delegates to the semi-annual convention of the Island district recently, Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, the treasurer, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, secretary, and Mrs. Wilson. The president, Mrs. Elizabeth Wyant, was unable to attend, owing to illness.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

The regular meeting of the Colonel Wm. Barton Chapter, D. A. R., was held recently at the Chapter House, after an Executive Board meeting. The Regent, Mrs. Philip S. Wilbor, gave a report of the recent State Board meeting held at the Plantation Club of Providence. Two names were reported for membership. Mrs. Geo. A. Sward, chairman of the Ways and Means committee, reported over \$12 as the proceeds from their whists. Mrs. Albert Hall, of the Conservation and Thrift committee, reported \$24.77 as proceeds from the rummage sale. Another report of \$10 was made. It was voted to serve a lunch of chowder, doughnuts and coffee at the William Boyd auction. It was also voted to pay \$100 on the mortgage on the Chapter House; to send \$2 to the Ellis Island chairman; 25 cents per capita to the Springfield International College, toward the education of the young women being educated there by the different Chapters in the state, and 25 cents per capita towards the Manual.

Plans have been made for a Christmas sale at the Chapter House on November 22.

Electric lights have been installed in Chapter House through the kindness of Mr. George A. Sward.

Mr. Frank W. Esleek of South Scituate, R. I., formerly of this town, recently went to Newport for the purpose of placing the historic whiffletree in the keeping of the Newport Historical Society. This whiffletree is one which he showed at the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island, which was held at Fort Butts on Sprague street. The whiffletree was made from a mast of a ship which was run aground on the east shore during the Revolutionary War, to avoid capture by the British.

About 100 were present at the Community Social held last week at Willow Brook.

Mr. William A. S. Cummings was the auctioneer at a public auction at the farm of Mr. Wm. K. Boyd. Farm stock and tools and several articles of furniture were sold. Mr. Boyd has been in ill health for some time, and has decided to give up to some degree, his extensive farming.

The Diocesan Record for November contains an article entitled "Good and Faithful" in appreciation of the work of Restcom Peckham Manchester, who was parish clerk, treasurer, and junior warden of St. Mary's Church at the time of his death, on October 16, 1923.

An automobile accident occurred at the foot of Quaker Hill on Tuesday morning when Mr. Martin, a Portuguese, living just south of the Quaker Hill garage, drove out of his gate, hitting a Ford Sedan driven by a Fall River man, with several men who are employed at the Torpedo Station. The Ford was pushed around and badly damaged, but the men were more fortunate. In the evening another accident occurred on the hill. One person was carried to the hospital and another was badly injured.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebeck Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., was held on Wednesday evening. The degree team initiated a candidate in the Rebekah degree. Two other candidates were expected from Block Island, but were unable to be present, as the boat did not make a trip on Wednesday. The president of the Rebekah Assembly and some of her board of officers were among the guests. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served.

State Senator Arthur A. Sherman of this town announces that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor at next year's convention. Senator Sherman is one of the Republican leaders in the upper house of the General Assembly.

The degree team of Excelsior Lodge No. 49, I. O. O. F., recently worked a class of candidates in the first degree at Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F.

THREE MEN AND A MAID



by P.G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Mrs. Horace Hignett, world-famous writer on theosophy, author of "The Spreading Light," etc., arrives in New York on a lecturing tour. Eustace, her son, is with her. Windles, ancestral home of the Hignetts, is his, so her life is large and devoted to keeping him unmarried. Enter her nephew, Sam, son of Sir Mallaby Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer. It is arranged that Sam and Eustace shall sail together on the Atlantic the next day. Enter Bream Mortimer, American, son of a friend of an insufferable American named Bennett who has been pestering Mrs. Hignett to leave Windles. Bream informs her that Wilhelmina Bennett is waiting for Eustace at the Little Church Round the Corner. Bream himself is in love with Wilhelmina. Mrs. Hignett marches off to Eustace's room.

CHAPTER II.—The scene shifts to the Atlantic at her pier. Sam, heading for the gangplank, meets a glorious, red-headed girl with whom he instantly falls in love, though her dog bites him. Eustace, appearing, is shocked. It appears that his mother has "plucked" his trousers and delayed the ceremony, whereupon Wilhelmina has declared the wedding off. Sam is pushed on board, but his credit for saving a drowning man, re-joining the Atlantic at quarantine, Sam is hailed as a hero by the red-headed girl, who introduces him to Bream Mortimer, and says she is Wilhelmina Bennett, whose friends call her "Billie."

CHAPTER III.—Eustace, a poor sailor, stays in his stateroom. He doesn't know Billie is on board or that Sam has met her. Sam gets pointers from Eustace about Billie and makes warm love to her. He ends with her a friend, Jane Hubbard, a big-game hunter.

CHAPTER IV.—Sam proposes and is accepted, though Billie says Sam is difficult.

CHAPTER V.—Sam blacks up for the ship's concert, forces Eustace to agree to play his accompaniment. He announces to Eustace his engagement to Billie and Eustace assures Sam that he's sorry for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Eustace, taken by pangs of seasickness, deserts the piano. Jane hastens to his rescue. Sam's act ends in an inglorious fizzle.

CHAPTER VII.—Billie, seeing her hero made ridiculous, breaks in her engagement. Eustace congratulates him and Billie announces that Jane has both cured his seasickness and his broken heart.

CHAPTER VIII.—Upon landing, Sam allows off to a watering place to mourn. Eustace appears with the announcement that he has met Wilhelmina. He tells her that he has met her and that she is his father's daughter. He is in a deadly fear lest his mother hear of it, since Sam's father is Bennett, the lawyer, who has been pestering him to London and enter his father's firm, in order to head off any chance of the news of the lease getting to Mrs. Hignett. Eustace also cannot remember that Billie is now engaged to Bream.

CHAPTER IX.—Sam goes to London, enters the firm and begins work.

CHAPTER X.—Bennett and Mortimer quarrel. Bennett sends Billie to London to consult Sam's father.

CHAPTER XI.—Billie calls at the law office and meets Sam, scheming to pose as a here once more and re-habitate himself in her eyes, point out a harmless clerk named Peters as a former employee who is murderously insane. Then he sends in Peters with a huge revolver, to scare Billie.

CHAPTER XII.—Billie is so scared that Peters thinks she is crazy. Sam appears at the critical moment and rescues his love. At their forty-third kiss Billie's father appears and says, "Great Godfrey!"

CHAPTER XIII.—Sam tries to make up to his future father-in-law. But the American calls him an impudent scoundrel and carries off his daughter to Windles.

CHAPTER XIV.—Sam follows Billie to Windles and they meet on the sly. Peters calls on Bennett on business and immediately forces a march to Windles of the "Rescue." Billie, mad clear through, sends a blistering note by a valet to Sam, waiting for her in the lane.

CHAPTER XV.—Sam plots with the valet to steal Billie's little dog, Pinky-Boodles. The valet is to do the dog and hide Sam in a cupboard at night. Sam hopes to re-engage himself by restoring Pinky-Boodles to his distracted mistress.

CHAPTER XVI.—Episode One.—Mrs. Hignett, having sent a passenger list of the Atlantic, cancels all her fares and makes a forced march to Windles. She arrives on the very night set for the abduction of Pinky-Boodles. Entering through an open window, she dimly sees the valet, mistakes him for a burglar and runs to her son's room.

CHAPTER XVI

Episode One.

If there is one thing more than another which weighs upon the mind of a story-teller as he chronicles the events which he has set out to describe, it is the thought that the reader may be growing impatient with him for straying from the main channel of his tale and devoting himself to what are after all minor developments. The story, for instance, opened with Mrs. Horace Hignett, the world-famous writer on "Theosophy," going over to America to begin a lecture tour; and no one retires more keenly than I do that I have left Mrs. Hignett flat. I have thrust that great thinker into the background and concentrated my attention on the affairs of one who is both her mental and moral inferior, Samuel Marlowe. I seem at this point to see the reader—a great brute of a fellow with beetle eyebrows and a jaw like the ram of a battleship, the sort of a fellow who is full of determination and will stand to his knees—rising to remark that he doesn't care what happens to Samuel Marlowe and that what he wants to know is, how Mrs. Hignett made out on her lecturing tour. Did she go to Buffalo? Did she have any trouble up the seats in the lecture hall? Was she a riot in Chicago? Did she get a good deal of money back?

heavily add that the fault is not mine but that of Mrs. Hignett herself. The fact is, she never went to Buffalo. She didn't get within a thousand miles of Chicago nor did she penetrate to St. Louis. For the very morning after her son Eustace sailed for England in the liner Atlantic, she happened to read in the paper one of those abridged



Iron-Soled as This Woman Was, Her Fingers Trembled as She Wrote

passenger lists which the journals of New York are in the habit of printing, and got a nasty shock when she saw that, among those whose society Eustace would enjoy during the voyage was Miss Wilhelmina Bennett, daughter of J. Rufus Bennett of Bennett, Mandelbama and company. And within five minutes of digesting this information, she was at her desk writing out telegrams cancelling all her engagements. Iron-soled as this woman was, her fingers trembled as she wrote. She had a vision of Eustace and the daughter of J. Rufus Bennett strolling together on moonlit decks, leaning over railings damp with sea-spray, and, in sort, generally starting the whole trouble over again.

In the height of the tourist season it is not always possible for one who wishes to leave America to spring on to the next boat. A long morning's telephoning to the offices of the Cunard and the White Star brought Mrs. Hignett the depressing information that it would be a full week before she could sail for England. That meant that the inflammable Eustace would have over two weeks to conduct an uninterrupted wooing, and Mrs. Hignett's heart sank, till suddenly she remembered that so poor a sailor as her son was not likely to have had leisure for any strolling on the deck during the voyage of the Atlantic.

Having realized this, she became calmer and went about her preparations for departure with an easier mind. The danger was still great, but there was a good chance that she might be in time to intervene. She wound up her affairs in New York and, on the following Wednesday, boarded the Naronia bound for Southampton. The Naronia is one of the slowest of the Cunard boats. It was built at a time when delicious crowds used to swoon on the dock if an ocean liner broke the record by getting across in nine days. It rolled over to Cherbourg, daltied at that picturesque port for some hours, then sauntered across the channel and strolled into Southampton water in the evening of the day on which Samuel Marlowe had sat in the lane plotting with Webster, the valet. At almost the exact moment when Sam, sliding through the windows of the drawing room, slid into the cupboard behind the piano, Mrs. Hignett was standing at the customs barrier telling the officials that she had nothing to declare.

Mrs. Hignett was a general who believed in forced marches. A lesser woman might have taken the boat train to London and proceeded to Windles at her ease on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hignett was made of sterner stuff. Having fortified herself with a late dinner, she hired an automobile and set out on the cross-country journey. It was only when the car, a genuine antique, had broken down three times in the first ten miles, that it became evident to her that it would be much too late to go to Windles that night, and she directed the driver to take her instead to the "Blue Boat" in Windhurst, where she arrived, tired but thankful to have reached it at all, at about eleven o'clock.

At this point many, indeed most women, having had a tiring journey, would have gone to bed; but the familiar Hampshire air and the knowledge that half an hour's walking would take her to her beloved home acted on Mrs. Hignett like a restorative. One glimpse of Windles she felt that she must have before she retired for the night. In order to assure herself that it was all there, she had a cup of coffee and a sandwich brought to her by the night porter, whom she had roused from sleep, for bedtime is early in Windhurst, and was informed him that she was going for a short walk and would sleep when she returned.

her heart leaped joyfully as she turned in at the drive gates of her home and felt the well-remembered gravel crunching under her feet. The silhouette of the ruined castle against the summer sky gave her the feeling which all returning wanderers know. And, when she stepped onto the lawn and looked at the black bulk of the house, indistinct and shadowy with its backing of trees, tears came into her eyes. She experienced a rush of emotion which made her feel quite faint, and which lasted until, on tiptoeing nearer to the house in order to gloat more adequately upon it, she perceived that the French windows of the drawing room were standing ajar. Sam had left them like this in order to facilitate departure, if a hurried departure should by any mischance be rendered necessary, and drawn curtains had kept the household from noticing the fact.

All the proprietor in Mrs. Hignett was roused. This, she felt indignantly, was the sort of thing she had been afraid would happen the moment her back was turned. Evidently laxity—one might almost say anarchy—had set in directly she had removed the eye of authority. She marched to the window and pushed it open. She had now completely abandoned her kindly scheme of refraining from rousing the sleeping house and spending the night at the inn. She stepped into the drawing room with the single-minded purpose of rousing Eustace out of his sleep and giving him a good talking for having failed to maintain her own standard of efficiency among the domestic staff. If there was one thing on which Mrs. Hignett had always insisted it was that every window in the house must be closed at lights-out.

She pushed the curtains apart with a rattle and, at the same moment, from the direction of the door there came a low but distinct gasp which made her resolute heart jump and flutter. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but, in the instant before it turned and fled, she caught sight of a shadowy male figure, and knew that her worst fears had been realized. The figure was too tall to be Eustace, and Eustace, she knew, was the only man in the house. Male figures, therefore, that went flitting about Windles, must be the figures of burglars.

Mrs. Hignett, bold woman though she was, stood for an instant spell-bound, and for one moment of not unpardonable panic, tried to tell herself that she had been mistaken. Almost immediately, however, there came from the direction of the hall a dull chunky sound as though something soft had been kicked, followed by a low gurgle and the noise of staggering feet. Unless he was drunk a man sent out of sheer helplessness or horror, the nocturnal visitor must have tripped over something.

The latter theory was the correct one. Montagu Webster was a man who at many a subscription ball had shaken a wicked dancing-pump, and nothing in the proper circumstances pleased him better than to exercise the skill which had become his as the result of twelve private lessons at half-a-crown a visit; but he recognized the truth of the scriptural adage that there is a time for dancing, and that this was not it. His only desire when, stealing into the drawing room he had been confronted through the curtains by a female figure, was to get back to his bedroom undisturbed. He supposed that one of the feminine members of the house party must have been taking a stroll in the grounds, and he did not wish to stay and be compelled to make laborious explanations of his presence there in the dark. He decided to postpone the knocking on the cupboard door, which had been the signal arranged between himself and Sam, until a more suitable occasion. In the meantime he bounded silently out into the hall, and instantaneously tripped over the portly form of Smith, the bulldog, who, roused from a light sleep to the knowledge that something was going on, and being a dog who always liked to be in the center of the meltem of events, had waddled out to investigate.

By the time Mrs. Hignett had pulled herself together sufficiently to feel brave enough to venture into the hall, Webster's presence of mind and Smith's gregariousness had combined to restore that part of the house to its normal nocturnal condition of emptiness. Webster's stinger had carried him almost up to the green balize door leading to the servants' staircase, and he proceeded to pass through it without checking his momentum, closely followed by Smith, who, now convinced that interesting events were in progress which might possibly culminate in cake, had abandoned the idea of sleep and meant to see the thing through. He gamboled in Webster's wake up the stairs and along the passage leading to the latter's room, and only paused when the door was brusquely shut in his face. Upon which he sat down to think the thing over. He was in no hurry. The night was before him, promising as far as he could judge from the way it had opened, excellent entertainment.

Mrs. Hignett had listened fearfully to the oncoth noises from the hall. The burglars—she had now discovered that there were at least two of them—appeared to be actually romping. The situation had grown beyond her handling. If this troupe of terpsichorean marauders was to be dislodged she must have assistance. It was man's work. She made a brave dash through the hall, mercifully unmolested; found the stairs; raced up them; and fell through the doorway of her son Eustace's bedroom like a spent Marathon runner staggering past the winning post.

Episode Two.

In the moment which elapsed before either of the two could calm their agitated brains to speech, Eustace became aware, as never before, of the truth of that well-known line, "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away!"

"house!" This fact was just the one which Eustace had been wondering how to break to her.

"I know," he said uneasily. "You know!" Mrs. Hignett stared. "Did you hear them?" "Hear them?" said Eustace, puzzled. "The drawing room window was left open, and there are two burglars in the hall."

"Oh, I say, no! That's rather rotten!" said Eustace. "I saw and heard them. Come with me and arrest them!"

"But I can't. I've sprained my ankle!"

"Sprained your ankle? How very inconvenient! When did you do that?" "This morning."

"How did it happen?" Eustace hesitated.

"I was jumping."

"Jumping! But—oh!" Mrs. Hignett's sentence trailed off into a suppressed shriek, as the door opened.

Immediately following on Eustace's accident, Jane Hubbard had constituted herself his nurse. It was she who had bound up his injured ankle in a manner which the doctor on his arrival had admitted himself unable to improve upon. She had sat with him through the long afternoon, and now, fearing lest a return of the pain might render him sleepless, she had come to bring him a selection of books to see him through the night.

Jane Hubbard was a girl who by nature and training was well adapted to bear clocks. She accepted the advent of Mrs. Hignett without visible astonishment, though inwardly she was wondering who the visitor might be.

"Good evening," she said placidly.

Mrs. Hignett, having rallied from her moment of weakness, glared at the new arrival dubiously. She could not place Jane. She had the air of a nurse, and yet she wore no uniform.

"Who are you?" she asked stiffly.

"Who are you?" countered Jane.

"I," said Mrs. Hignett portentously, "am the owner of this house, and I should be glad to know what you are doing in it. I am Mrs. Horace Hignett."

A charming smile spread itself over Jane's lovely oval face.

"I'm glad to meet you," she said. "I have heard so much about you."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Hignett. "And now I should like to hear a little about you."

"I've read all your books," said Jane. "I think they're wonderful."

In spite of herself, in spite of a feeling that this young woman was straying from the point, Mrs. Hignett could not check a slight influx of amiability. She was an authoress who received a good deal of incense from admirers, but she could always do with a bit more. Besides, most of the incense came by mail. Living a quiet and retired life in the country, it was rarely that she got it handed to her face to face. She melted quite perceptibly. She did not cease to look like a basilisk, but she began to look like a basilisk who has had a good lunch.

"My favorite," said Jane, who for a week had been sitting daily in a chair in the drawing room adorning the table on which the authoress' complete works were assembled, "is 'The Spreading Light.' I do like 'The Spreading Light!'"

"It was written some years ago," said Mrs. Hignett with something approaching cordiality, "and I have since revised some of the views I state in it, but I still consider it quite a good textbook."

"Of course, I can see that 'What of the Morrow' is more profound," said Jane. "But I read 'The Spreading Light' first, and of course that makes a difference."

"I can quite see that it would," agreed Mrs. Hignett. "One's first step across the threshold of a new mind, one's first glimpse..."

"Yes, it makes you feel..."

"Like some watcher of the skies," said Mrs. Hignett, "when a new planet swims into his ken, or like..."

"Yes, doesn't it?" said Jane.

Eustace, who had been listening to the conversation with every muscle tense, in much the same mental attitude as that of a peaceful citizen in a wild West saloon who holds himself in readiness to dive under a table directly the shooting begins, began to relax. What he had shrilly anticipated would be the biggest thing since the Dempsey-Carpenter fight seemed to be turning into a pleasant social and literary evening not unlike what he imagined a meeting of old Vassar alumnae must be. For the first time since his mother had come into the room he indulged in the luxury of a deep breath.

"But what are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Hignett, returning almost reluctantly to the main issue.

Eustace perceived that he had breathed too soon. In an unobtrusive way he subsided into the bed and pulled the sheets over his head, following the excellent tactics of the great duke of Wellington in his Peninsular campaign. "When in doubt," the duke used to say, "retire and dig yourself in."

"I'm nursing dear Eustace," said Jane.

Mrs. Hignett quivered, and cast an eye on the hump in the bedclothes which represented dear Eustace. A cold fear had come upon her.

"Dear Eustace!" she repeated mechanically.

"We're engaged," said Jane. "We got engaged this morning. That's how he sprained his ankle. When I accepted him, he tried to jump a holly bush."

"Engaged! Eustace, is this true?"

"Yes," said a muffled voice from the interior of the bed.

"And poor Eustace is so worried," continued Jane, "about the house."

She went on quickly. "He doesn't want to deprive you of it, because he knows what it means to you. So he is hoping—we are both hoping—that you will accept it as a present when we are married. We really don't want it, you know. We are going to live in London. So you will take it, won't you—to please us?"

We all of us, even the greatest of us, have our moments of weakness. Let us then not express any surprise at the sudden collapse of one of the world's greatest female thinkers. As the meaning of this speech smote on Mrs. Horace Hignett's understanding, she sank weeping into a chair. The ever-present fear that had haunted her had been exorcised. Windles was hers for ever. The relief was too great. She sat in her chair and gulped; and Eustace, greatly encouraged, emerged slowly from the bedclothes like a worm after a thunderstorm.

How long this poignant scene would have lasted, one cannot say. It is a pity that it was cut short, for I should have liked to dwell upon it. But at this moment, from the regions downstairs, there suddenly burst upon the silent night such a whirlwind of sound as effectually dissipated the tense emotion in the room. Somebody had touched off the orchestra in the drawing room, and that willing instrument had begun again in the middle of a bar at the point where it had been switched off. Its wailing lament for the passing of summer filled the whole house.

"That's too bad!" said Jane, a little annoyed. "At this time of night!"

"It's the burglars!" quivered Mrs. Hignett. In the stress of recent events she had completely forgotten the existence of those enemies of society. "They were dancing in the hall when I arrived, and now they're playing the orchestra!"

"Light-hearted chaps!" said Eustace, admiring the sang-froid of the criminal world. "Full of spirits!"

"This won't do," said Jane Hubbard, shaking her head. "We can't have this sort of thing. I'll go and fetch my gun."

"They'll murder you, dear!" panted Mrs. Hignett, clinging to her arm.

Jane Hubbard laughed.

"Murder me?" she said, amusedly. "I'd like to catch them at it!"

Mrs. Hignett stood staring at the door as Jane closed it safely behind her.

"Eustace," she said solemnly, "that is a wonderful girl!"

"Yes! She once killed a pauther—or a puma, I forget which—with a hat-pin!" said Eustace with enthusiasm.

"I could wish you no better wife!" said Mrs. Hignett.

She broke off with a sharp wall. Out in the passage something like a battery of artillery had roared.

The door opened and Jane Hubbard appeared, slipping a fresh cartridge into the elephant-gun.

"One of them was popping about outside here," she announced. "I took



"Murder Me!" She Said Amusedly, "I'd Like to Catch Them at It!"

a shot at him, but I'm afraid I missed. The visibility was bad. At any rate he went away."

In this last statement she was perfectly accurate. Bream Mortimer, who had been aroused by the orchestra and who had come out to see what was the matter, had gone away at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He had been creeping down the passage when he found himself suddenly confronted by a dim figure which, without a word, had attempted to slay him with an enormous gun. The shot had whistled past his ears and gone singing down the corridor. This was enough for Bream. He had returned to his room in three strides, and was now under the bed. The burglars might take everything in the house and welcome, so that they did not molest his privacy. That was the way Bream looked at it. And very sensible of him, too, I consider.

"We'd better go downstairs," said Jane. "Bring a candle. Not you, Eustace, darling. Don't you stir out of bed!"

"I won't," said Eustace obediently.

Episode Three.

Of all the leisureed pursuits, there are few less attractive to the thinking man than sitting in a dark cupboard waiting for a house party to go to bed; and Sam, who had established himself in the one behind the piano at a quarter to eight, soon began to feel as if he had been there for an eternity. He could dimly remember a previous existence in which he had not been sitting in his present position, but it seemed so long ago that it was shadowy and unreal to him. The ordeal of spending the evening in this retreat had not appeared formidable when he had contemplated it that afternoon in the lane; but, now that he was actually undergoing it, it was extraordinary how many disadvantages it had.

Cupboards, as a class, are badly ventilated, and this one seemed to contain no air at all; and the warmth of the night, combined with the cupboard's natural stuffiness, had soon begun to reduce Sam to a condition of pulp. He seemed to himself to be saying like an incense-burner in front of a fire, "The darkness was weighed upon him. He was abominably thirsty. Also he

wanted to smoke. In addition to this, the small of his back tickled, and he more than suspected the cupboard of harboring mice. Not once or twice but many hundred times he wished that the ingenious Webster had thought of something simpler.

It was a position which would have suited one of those Indian mystics who sit perfectly still for twenty years, contemplating the Infinite; but it reduced Sam to an almost imbecile state of boredom. He tried counting sheep. He tried going over his past life in his mind from the earliest moment he could recollect, and thought he had never encountered a duller series of episodes. He found a temporary solace by playing a succession of mental golf games over all the courses he could remember, and he was just feeling up for the sixteenth at Sturfield, after playing Hoylake, St. Andrews, Westward Ho, Hanger Hill, Stud-Survey, Walton Heath, Garden City, and the Engineers' club at Roslyn, L. I., when the light ceased to shine through the crack under the door, and he awoke with a sense of dull incredulity to the realization that the occupants of the drawing room had called it a day and that his vigil was over.

But was it? Once more alert, Sam became cautious. True, the light seemed to be off, but did that mean anything in a country house, where people had the habit of going and strolling about the garden at all hours? Probably they were still popping about all over the place. At any rate, it was not worth risking coming out of his lair. He remembered that Webster had promised to come and knock an all-clear signal on the door. It would be safer to wait for that.

But the moments went by, and there was no knock. Sam began to grow impatient. The last few minutes of waiting in a cupboard are always the hardest. Time seemed to stretch out again interminably. Once he thought he heard footstep, but that led to nothing. Eventually, having strained his ears and finding everything still, he decided to take a chance. He fished in his pocket for the key, cautiously unlocked the door, opened it by slow inches, and peered out.

The room was in blackness. The house was still. All was well. With the feeling of a life-prisoner emerging from the Bastille, he began to crawl stiffly forward; and it was just then that the first of the disturbing events occurred which were to make this night memorable to him. Something like a rattlesnake suddenly went off with a whirr, and his head, jerking up, collided with the piano. It was only the cuckoo clock, which now, having cleared its throat as was its custom before striking, proceeded to cuck eleven times in rapid succession before subsiding with another rattle; but to Sam it sounded like the end of the world.

He sat in the darkness, musing on his bruised skull. His hours of imprisonment in the cupboard had had a bad effect on his nervous system, and he vacillated between tears of weakness and a militant desire to get at the cuckoo clock with a hatchet. He felt that it had done it on purpose and was now chuckling to itself in fancied security. For quite a minute he fumed silently, and any cuckoo clock which had strayed within his reach would have had a bad time of it. Then his attention was diverted.

So concentrated was Sam on his private vendetta with the clock that no ordinary happening would have had the power to distract him. What occurred now was by no means ordinary, and it distracted him like an electric shock. As he sat on the floor, passing a tender hand over the egg-shaped bump which had already begun to manifest itself beneath his hair, something cold and wet touched his face, and paralyzed him so completely both physically and mentally that he did not move a muscle but just congealed where he sat into a solid block of ice. He felt vaguely that this was the end. His heart stopped beating and he simply could not imagine it ever starting again, and, if your heart refuses to beat, what hope is there for you?

At this moment something heavy and solid struck him in the chest, rolling him over. Something gurgled asthmatically in the darkness. Something began to lick his eyes, ears and chin in a sort of ecstasy; and, clutching out, he found his arms full of totally unexpected bulldog.

"Get out!" whispered Sam tensely, recovering his faculties with a jerk. "Go away!"

Smith took the opportunity of his lips having opened to lick the roof of his mouth. Smith's attitude in the matter was that providence in its all-seeing wisdom had sent him a human being at a moment when he had reluctantly been compelled to reconcile himself to a total absence of such indispensable adjuncts to a good time, and that now the revels might commence. He had just trotted downstairs in rather a disconsolate frame of mind after waiting with no result in front of Webster's bedroom door, and it was a real treat to meet a man, especially one seated in such a jolly and sociable manner on the floor. He welcomed Sam like a long-lost friend.

Between Smith and the humans who provided him with dog-biscuits and occasionally with sweet cakes there had always existed a state of misunderstanding which no words could remove. The position of the humans was quite clear. They had elected Smith to his present position on a straight watch-dog ticket. They expected him to be one of those dogs who rouse the house and save the spoons. They looked to him to pin burglars by the leg and hold on till the police arrived. Smith simply could not grasp such an attitude of mind. He regarded Wilhelmina not as a private house but as a social club, and was utterly unable to see any difference between the human beings he knew and the strangers who dropped in for a late chat after the place was locked up. He had no intention of biting Sam. The idea never entered his head. At the present moment what he felt about Sam was that he was out of the best fellow he

THREE MEN AND A MAID

Continued from Page 2

had over met and that he loved him like a brother.

Sam, in his unmythical state, could not bring himself to share these available sentiments. He was thinking bitterly that Webster might have had the intelligence to warn him of his doom on the premises. It was just the sort of wooden-headed thing fellows did, forgetting facts like that. He scrambled nimbly to his feet and tried to pierce the darkness that beamed down on him. He ignored Smith, who snatched apologetically about his ankles, and made for the slightly less black oblong which he took to be the door leading into the hall. He moved warily, but not warily enough to prevent him coming into and almost upsetting a small table with a vase on it. The table rocked and the vase jumped, and the first bit of luck that had come to Sam that night was when he reached out at a venture and caught it just as it was about to bound onto the carpet.

He stood there, shivering. The narrowness of the escape turned him cold. If he had been an instant later, there would have been a crash loud enough to wake a dozen sleeping houses. This sort of thing could not go on. He must have light. It might be a life; there might be a chance of somebody upstairs seeing it and coming down to investigate; but it was a risk that must be taken. He declined to go on stumbling about in this darkness any longer. He groped his way with infinite care to the door, on the wall adjoining which, he presumed, the electric light switch would be.

It was nearly ten years since he had been inside Webster's, and it never occurred to him that in this progress, five years ago even a woman like his Aunt Adeline, of whom he could believe almost anything, would still be using candles and oil-lamps as a means of illumination. His only doubt was whether the switch was where it was in most houses, near the door.

It is odd to reflect that, as his reaching fingers touched the knob, a delicious feeling of relief came to Samuel Marlowe. This misguided young man actually felt at that moment that his troubles were over. He positively smiled as he placed a thumb in the knob and shoved.

He shoved strongly and sharply, and instantaneously there leaped at him out of the darkness a glare of music which appeared to his disordered mind quite solid. It seemed to wrap itself around him. It was all over the



In a Single Instant the World Had Become One Vast Bellow of Tost's Good-By.

place. In a single instant the world had become one vast bellow of Tost's "Good-By."

How long he stood there, frozen, he did not know; nor can one say how long he would have stood there had nothing further come to invite his notice elsewhere. But, suddenly, drowning even the impromptu concert, there came from somewhere upstairs the roar of a gun, and, when he heard that, Sam's rigid limbs relaxed and a violent activity descended upon him. He bounded out into the hall, looking to right and to left for a hiding-place. One of the suits of armor which had been familiar to him in his boyhood, loomed up in front of him, and with the slight came the recollection of how, when a mere child on his first visit to Webster's, playing hide and seek with his cousin, Eustace, he had concealed himself inside this very suit and had not only baffled Eustace through a long summer evening but had wound up by almost scaring him into a decline by looking at him through the visor of the helmet. Happy days, happy days! He leaped at the suit of armor. The helmet was a tight fit, but he managed to get his head into it at last, and the body of the thing was quite roomy.

"Thank heaven!" said Sam. He was not comfortable, but comfort just then was not his primary need.

Smith, the bulldog, well satisfied with the way things had happened, sat down, wheeling slightly, to await developments.

Episode Four.

He had not long to wait. In a few minutes the hall had filled up nicely. There was Mr. Mortimer in his shirt-sleeves, Mr. Bennett in his pajamas and a dressing-gown, Mrs. Hignett in a traveling costume, Jane Hubbard with her elephant-gun, and Billie in a di-

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ner dress. Smith welcomed them all impartially.

"Somebody lit a lamp, and Mrs. Hignett stared speechlessly at the mob.

"Mr. Bennett! Mr. Mortimer!"

"Mrs. Hignett! What are you doing here?"

Mrs. Hignett drew herself up stiffly.

"What an odd question, Mr. Mortimer! I am in my own house!"

"But you rented it to me for the summer. At least, your son did."

"Eustace let you wander for the summer!" said Mrs. Hignett, incredulously.

Jane Hubbard returned from the drawing-room, where she had been switching off the orchestra.

"Let us talk all that over cozily tomorrow," she said. "The point now is that there are burglars in the house."

"Burglars!" cried Mr. Bennett.

"I thought it was you playing that infernal instrument, Mortimer."

"What on earth should I play it for at this time of night?" said Mr. Mortimer irritably.

It appeared only too evident that the two old friends were again on the verge of one of their distressing fallings-out; but Jane Hubbard intervened once more. This practical-minded girl disliked the introducing of side-issues into the conversation. She was there to talk about burglars, and she intended to do so.

"For goodness' sake stop it!" she said, almost petulantly for one usually so superior to emotion. "There'll be lots of time for quarrelling tomorrow. Just now we've got to catch these . . ."

"I'm not quarrelling," said Mr. Bennett.

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Mortimer.

"I'm not!"

"You are!"

"Don't argue!"

"I'm not arguing!"

"You are!"

"I'm not!"

Jane Hubbard had practically every noble quality which a woman can possess, with the exception of patience. A patient woman would have stood by, shrugging from interrupting the dialogue. Jane Hubbard's robust character was to raise the elephant-gun, point it at the front door, and pull the trigger.

"I thought that would stop you," she said complacently, as the echoes died away and Mr. Bennett had finished leaping into the air. She inserted a fresh cartridge, and sloped arms. "Now, the question is . . ."

"You made me bite my tongue!" said Mr. Bennett, deeply aggrieved.

"Serves you right!" said Jane placidly. "Now, the question is, have the fellows got away or are they hiding somewhere in the house? I think they're still in the house."

"The police!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, forgetting his lacerated tongue and his other grievances. "We must summon the police!"

"Obviously!" said Mrs. Hignett, withdrawing her fascinated gaze from the ragged hole in the front door, the cost of repairing which she had been mentally assessing. "We must send for the police at once."

"We don't really need them, you know," said Jane. "If you'll all go to bed and just leave me to potter round with my gun . . ."

"And blow the whole house to pieces!" said Mrs. Hignett tartly. She had begun to revise her original estimate of this girl. To her, Windles was sacred, and anyone who went about shooting holes in it forfeited her esteem.

"Shall I go for the police?" said Billie.

"I could bring them back in ten minutes in the car."

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Bennett. "My daughter gambling about all over the countryside in an automobile at this time of night!"

"If you think I ought not to go alone, I could take Bream."

"Where is Bream?" said Mr. Mortimer.

The odd fact that Bream was not among those present suddenly presented itself to the company.

"Where can he be?" said Billie.

Jane Hubbard laughed the whole-some, indulgent laugh of one who is broad-minded enough to see the humor of the situation even when the joke is at her expense.

"What a silly girl I am!" she said. "I do believe that was Bream I shot at upstairs. How foolish of me making a mistake like that!"

"You shot my only son!" cried Mr. Mortimer.

"I shot at him," said Jane. "My belief is that I missed him. Though how I came to do it beats me. I don't suppose I've missed a sinner like that since I was a child in the nursery. Of course," she proceeded, looking on the reasonable side, "the visibility wasn't good, and I fired from the hip, but it's no use saying I oughtn't at least to have winged him, because I ought." She shook her head with a touch of self-reproach. "I shall be chaffed about this if it comes out," she said regretfully.

"The poor boy must be in his room," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Under the bed, if you ask me," said Jane, blowing into the barrel of her gun and polishing it with the side of her hand. "He's all right! Leave him alone, and the housemaid will sweep him up in the morning."

"Oh, he can't be," cried Billie, revolted.

A girl of high spirit, it seemed to her repellent that the man she was engaged to marry should be displaying such a craven spirit. At that moment she despised and hated Bream Mortimer. "I think she was wrong, mind you. It is not my place to criticize the little group of people whose simple habits I am relating—my position is merely that of a reporter; but personally I think highly of Bream's sturdy common-sense. If somebody loosed off an elephant-gun at me in a dark corridor, I would climb onto the roof and pull it up after me. Still, rightly or wrongly, that was how Billie felt; and it flashed across her mind that Samuel Marlowe, somewhat though he was, would not have behaved like this. And for a moment a certain misanthropic added itself to the varied emotions then prevailing in the hall.

"I'll go and look, if you like," said Jane agreeably. "You assure yourselves somehow till I come back."

She ran easily up the stairs, three at a time. Mr. Mortimer turned to Mr. Bennett.

"It's all very well your saying Billie hasn't gone, but if she doesn't how can we get the police? The house isn't on the 'phone, and nobody else can drive the car."

"That's true," said Mr. Bennett, waverling.

"I'm going," said Billie resolutely. It occurred to her, as it has occurred to so many women before her, how helpless men are in a crisis. The temporary withdrawal of Jane Hubbard had had the effect which the removal of a rudder has on a boat. "It's the only thing to do. I shall be back in no time."

She stamped firmly to the contract, and began to put on her motorcycle-cloak. And just then Jane Hubbard came downstairs, sheepishly before her a pale and glassy-eyed Bream.

"Right under the bed," she announced cheerfully, "making a noise like a piece of fluff in order to deceive burglars."

Billie cast a scornful look at her fiancé. Absolutely unjustified, in my opinion, but nevertheless she cast it. But it had no effect at all. Terror had stunned Bream Mortimer's perceptions. His was what the doctors call a penumbral mental condition. He was in a sort of trance.

"Bream," said Billie, "I want you to come in the car with me to fetch the police."

"All right," said Bream.

"Get your coat."

"All right," said Bream.

"And cap."

"All right," said Bream.

He followed Billie in a docile manner out through the front door, and they made their way to the garage at the back of the house, both silent. The only difference between their respective silences was that Billie's was thoughtful, while Bream's was just the silence of a man who has unhitched his brain and is getting along as well as he can without it.

In the hall they left, Jane Hubbard once more took command of affairs.

"Well, that's something done," she said, scratching Smith's broad back with the muzzle of her weapon. "Something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose. Not that we're going to get it yet. I think those fellows are hiding somewhere, and we ought to search the house and rout them out. It's a pity, Smithy, but you're about as much practical use in a situation like this as a cold in the head. You're a good cake-bound, but as a watch-dog you don't finish in the first ten."

The cake-bound, charmed at the compliment, fished about her feet like a young elephant.

"The first thing to do," continued Jane, "is to go through the ground-floor rooms . . ."

She paused to strike a match against the suit of armor nearest to her, a proceeding which elicited a sharp cry of protest from Mrs. Hignett, and lit a cigarette.

"I'll go first, as I've got a gun . . ."

She blew a cloud of smoke. "I shall want somebody with me to carry a light, and . . ."

"Tchoop!"

"What?" said Jane.

"I didn't speak," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Who am I to speak?" he went on bitterly. "Who am I that it should be supposed that I have anything sensible to suggest?"

"Somebody spoke," said Jane.

"Achoo!"

"Do you feel a draught, Mr. Bennett?" cried Jane sharply, wheeling round on him.

"There is a draught," began Mr. Bennett.

"Well, finish sneezing and I'll go on."

"I didn't sneeze!"

"Somebody sneezed."

"It seemed to come from just behind you," said Mrs. Hignett nervously.

"It couldn't have come from just behind me," said Jane, "because there isn't anything behind me from which it could have . . ."

She stopped suddenly. In her eyes the light of understanding, on her face the set expression which was wont to come to it on the eve of action. "Oh!" she said in a different voice, a voice which was cold and tense and sinister. "Oh, I see!"

She raised her gun, and placed a muscular forefinger on the trigger. "Come out of that!" she said. "Come out of that suit of armor and let's have a look at you!"

"I can explain everything," said a muffled voice through the visor of the helmet. "I can—achoo." The smoke of the cigarette tickled Sam's nostrils again, and he suspended his remarks.

"I shall count three," said Jane Hubbard. "One—two—"

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" said Sam petulantly.

"You'd better!" said Jane.

"I can't get this damned helmet off!"

"If you don't come quick, I'll blow it off!"

Sam stepped out into the hall, a picturesque figure which combined the costumes of two widely separated centuries. Modern as far as the neck, he slipped back at that point to the Middle Ages.

"Hands up!" commanded Jane Hubbard.

"My hands are up!" retorted Sam querulously, as he wrenched at his unbending head-wear.

"Never mind trying to raise your hat," said Jane. "If you're lost the combination, we'll dispense with the formalities. What we're anxious to hear is what you're doing in the house at this time of night, and what your pals are. Come along, my lad, make a clean breast of it and perhaps you'll get off easier. Are you a gang?"

"Do I look like a gang?"

"If you ask me what you look like . . ."

"My name is Marlowe . . . Samuel, Marlowe . . ."

"Alias what?"

"Alias nothing! I say my name is Samuel Marlowe . . ."

An explosive roar burst from Mr.

"I'll go and look, if you like," said Jane agreeably. "You assure yourselves somehow till I come back."

She ran easily up the stairs, three at a time. Mr. Mortimer turned to Mr. Bennett.

"It's all very well your saying Billie hasn't gone, but if she doesn't how can we get the police? The house isn't on the 'phone, and nobody else can drive the car."

"That's true," said Mr. Bennett, waverling.

"I'm going," said Billie resolutely. It occurred to her, as it has occurred to so many women before her, how helpless men are in a crisis. The temporary withdrawal of Jane Hubbard had had the effect which the removal of a rudder has on a boat. "It's the only thing to do. I shall be back in no time."

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An explosive roar burst from Mr.

Bennett.

"The second! I know him! I exclude him the house, and . . ."

"And by what right did you forbid people my house, Mr. Bennett?" said Mrs. Hignett with acerbity.

"I've rented the house, Mortimer and I rented it from your son . . ."

"Yes, yes; yes," said Jane Hubbard. "Never mind about that. So you know this fellow, do you?"

"I don't know him!"

"You said you did."

"I refuse to know him!" went on Mr. Bennett. "I won't know him! I decline to have anything to do with him!"

"But you identify him?"

"If he says he's Samuel Marlowe," assented Mr. Bennett grudgingly. "I suppose he is. I can't imagine anybody saying he was Samuel Marlowe if he didn't know it could be proved against him."

"Are you my nephew, Samuel?" said Mrs. Hignett.

"Yes," said Sam.

"Well, what are you doing in my house?"

"It's my house," said Mr. Bennett. "For the summer, Henry Mortimer's and mine. Isn't that right, Henry?"

"Dead right," said Mr. Mortimer.

"There!" said Mr. Bennett. "You hear? And when Henry Mortimer says a thing, it's so. There's nobody's word I'd take before Henry Mortimer's."

"When Rufus Bennett makes an assertion," said Mr. Mortimer, highly flattered by these kind words, "you can bank on it. Rufus Bennett's word is his bond. Rufus Bennett is a white man!"

The two old friends clasped hands with a good deal of feeling.

"I am not disputing Mr. Bennett's claim to belong to the Caucasian race," said Mrs. Hignett. "I merely maintain that this house is . . ."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" interrupted Jane. "You can thrash all that out some other time. The point is, if this fellow is your nephew, I don't see what we can do. We'll have to let him go."

"I came to this house," said Sam, raising his vizor to facilitate speech, "to make a social call . . ."

"At this hour of the night!" snapped Mrs. Hignett. "You always were an inconsiderate boy, Samuel."

"I came to inquire after poor Eustace's ankle. I've only just heard that the poor chap was ill."

"He's getting along quite well," said Jane, smiling. "If I had known you were

The Mercury.

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Saturday, November 17, 1923

All signs point to a severe winter. Politicians' hides are unusually thick, says an exchange.

A married woman, rules a Georgia court, has a right to go riding in an automobile with a man who is not her husband. As St. Paul, however, shrewdly observed, there are things which are lawful and yet not expedient.

Now they have dug up skulls near Santa Barbara, Cal., which scientists claim were worn by a race of men that existed anywhere around fifty thousand years ago. If they keep on they will make this a pretty odd world.

Newport can get up a good parade when she undertakes to, and the one on Monday would be hard for any city to surpass. The celebration of Armistice Day was conducted from start to finish in a manner to do credit to all concerned in it.

The new mayor of Philadelphia gets a salary of \$18,000 a year, whereas J. Hampton Moore, his predecessor, probably the best mayor that city ever had, got only \$12,000. Likewise the governor of Rhode Island gets \$8,000 where former governors worked for \$1,000. Things are going up.

Secretary Mellon seems to be the right man in the right place. From the very beginning of his term of office he has labored for the reduction of taxes. Now he proposes to take off \$323,000,000 from the people's burdens. The special taxes are to be entirely removed in many instances, and in others they are to be greatly reduced. This administration has done a wonderful thing in reducing the expenses of running the Government. We trust they will keep on in their well doing.

Mayor Gainer of Providence has announced his candidacy for United States Senator. Former Mayor Charles H. Lord of Central Falls has had his hat in the ring for some time; and it is said that Gov. Flynn is contemplating making a try for the position. With four candidates in the field the campaign ought to be a lively one. To the people of this part of the state ex-Congressman O'Shaunessy's chances would seem by far the best of the four. He has some champion hustlers at work for him in Newport.

Drunken autoists are on the increase. One reason for this is the light penalty given by the courts. The Automobile Legal Association is demanding heavier punishment. Not less than three months in jail is what the association is asking for, and in every state in which the association operates it is the intention to introduce petitions similar to that in Massachusetts. In Rhode Island, out of 180 autoists tried on the charge in 1922, fines were imposed on 23 and nine received short jail sentences, from 10 to 20 days. The same record prevails, the association says, in proportion to the autos in use in practically every state.

The growth of the business of the country is shown in the increase of the deposits in the national banks within the past few years. In 1914 the deposits in twenty-five of the largest banks in the country amounted to \$2,620,100,000. In 1923 the deposits were \$6,785,400,000, an increase of nearly three fold in nine years. The four largest banks in the country are in New York city. The deposits in these four banks amount to \$2,141,500,000. Most of the largest banks of the country are in New York city. Of the twenty-five largest ones, seventeen are in that city. Boston has two of the number and Chicago two. The others are in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Cleveland, one each. The wealth of the nation in 1914 was given as \$187,000,000,000. In 1923 it is declared to be \$350,000,000,000.

During the year 1898 over 3000 miles of railroads were built in this country. This mileage was exceeded but once and that was in 1892 when over 4000 miles were built. The mileage for either one of those years far exceeds anything of a late date. In fact, there has not been three thousand miles of railroads built in the last ten years altogether. And during the past two or three years more mileage has been abandoned than has been built. The country is fast outgrowing its railroads. The remuneration received for money required to build the roads is not attractive to the investor. Then, again, the automobiles are taking from the railroads much of the short hauls, both in freight and passengers. The future outlook for many of our old Eastern roads, which a few years back were considered sure dividend payers, is not bright.

COULD MAINTAIN THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

Lloyd George in his American speeches declared that the United States and Great Britain, acting together to insure order in the world, could save civilization. And how could that be done?

"Not by alliance, but by understanding," he said. "Not by contract, but by cooperation. I am as opposed to entangling alliances as any man in this republic or in our realm. The two peoples standing to bring order out of chaos will achieve the end. Mankind will be saved and peace will reign forever."

The conclusion, at least, may be regarded as oratorical exaggeration. Nothing that America, or Britain, or both together, can do, now or hereafter, can be sure of making "peace reign forever." Forever is a very long time, and every age has a way of deciding its own destiny.

There is little doubt, however, in the minds of thoughtful men who disregard old prejudices and see things somewhat as they are, that in friendly cooperation between the two great English-speaking countries lies the chief hope of this generation and the next.

It hardly needs to be added that, as regards America at least, "standing together" must be informal. Lloyd George himself sees that, more clearly than some of our other British friends.

A YEAR OF SAVING

It has been a wonderful year for saving. Citizens have saved more than usual, as shown by savings bank deposits and by investment figures. The government saved money. The railroads, too, come forward now with the news that they have saved the public a lot of money.

According to the Railway Age: "The total amount the public paid in rates from May to August, 1920, was \$2,937,000,000. When the deficit the public had to pay are added and the taxes paid during these months by the railroads are deducted it is found that the total cost to the public of transportation service rendered was \$2,465,000,000, or about \$616,000,000 a month. From May to August, 1923, the amount paid by the public in rates was \$2,169,000,000. Deduction of the taxes paid by the railroads to the public shows that the net cost to it of the transportation service rendered in May to August, 1923, was \$2,074,500,000. This was less than \$509,000,000 a month, altogether, and about \$97,000,000 a month less than in May to August, 1920." The transportation service rendered has been better, too.

Now we understand perfectly why we've been feeling so rich lately. It's all because of that 85 cents or so a month we've been receiving from the railroads as our individual share of this economy.

THE WEATHER BUREAU REPUDIATES THE COLD WINTER STORIES

The United States Weather Bureau takes no stock in the numerous long distance weather forecasts that are being sent out in regard to the weather the coming winter. Pay no attention to these predictions, says the Bureau.

A prediction from New England that the "coming winter will be the coldest and snowiest winter in history" in that section of the country has led the government officials to disclaim any responsibility for the forecast. The Weather Bureau does not attempt to issue predictions, even of a general character, for weeks or months in advance. The subject of forecasting for seasons or considerable periods ahead has long engaged the attention of meteorological scientists, but thus far, weather experts say, no laws of sequences have been discovered whereby long-range forecasts of a reliable character can be made.

The crop of corn, potatoes, apples, and tobacco is reported by the Department of Agriculture at Washington to be the best and biggest for the past five years. The crop of corn, which is the banner crop, is estimated at 3,000,000,000 bushels. The apple crop is placed at 193,855,000 bushels, which is somewhat smaller than last year. All other kinds of fruit are much in excess of last year.

To enable the Coast Guard to fight rum runners more effectively the sum of \$4,000,000 is required. Congress will at the same time be asked to give the Coast Guard more authority to engage in the suppression of the rum fleet. It is the determination of the administration to put an end to this wholesale importation of liquor from foreign countries.

Boston a few days ago was selling German marks at the rate of four trillion for one of Uncle Sam's paper dollars. Two hundred billion were going for five cents. There were very few takers at that price.

It is comparison that makes social unrest. A jitney would satisfy anybody if nobody had a twin six.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow; and what will the golfer do then, poor thing?

A JUDICIAL SPANKING

In Lodi, N. J., six boys who celebrated Halloween by removing the radiator caps from automobiles were haled into court and treated to a new brand of "Jersey justice."

The judge realized that the youngsters were not deep-dyed villains but merely lads out for what they considered a good time suitable to the occasion. He realized also that their conduct passed the limit of harmless pranks and called for some kind of correction. He ordered, therefore, that the prisoners should be soundly spanked in open court.

They were allowed to choose between the recorder and their fathers to execute the sentence. They all chose their fathers, and the punishment was duly administered in the presence of the judge and a large assemblage of interested citizens.

It looks like a very sensible proceeding. There comes a time in every normal boy's life, if not several times, when he needs a sound spanking more than anything else in the world. This venerable rite has been falling into lamentable disuse of late.

AUTUMN LEAVES

What is this stirring multitude That fills the quiet street;
The hurrying, the many-hued,
The hurrying, the fleet
Of wing, a seeming avalanche
Of red and gold and brown,
That with the breeze from every branch
Now overwhelm the town?

What fluttering, purple heart is this,
Bowed down, it seems, with grief,
That falls beneath my feet to kiss
A yellow maple leaf;
Their first and last embrace to be—
Their gold and purple light,
To vanish in the silent sea
Of the eternal night.

—M. F. Shea.

Ex-Governor Beeckman announces that he is through with politics in Rhode Island. His connection with it thus far must have been rather an expensive luxury, and his treatment by his party last fall was not such as to encourage further labor and expense in that direction.

The boys of St. George's School were bitterly disappointed last Saturday, when the annual football game with Middlesex School at Concord, Mass., was won by the latter by the score of 15 to 7. The game was hotly contested throughout, and although the Middletown boys put up a hard fight they could not bring home the victory. This game closed a very successful season for St. George's, one of the most notable features being the victory over St. Mark's School, which in turn had defeated Middlesex.

The various sub-committees of the committee of 25 are having a hard struggle with the budget, and at the first meeting of the whole committee set for Friday evening it was thought possible that there might be some lively arguments. All departments are asking for more money, and the taxable property of the city shows a loss rather than an increase. In consequence there is a strong probability of a heavy increase in the tax rate for the coming year.

The Newport Beach Association has formally awarded the contract for the new beach buildings to Thomas F. Keeher, who promises to put them through as rapidly as possible. Much of the old construction has already been demolished and the beach presents a very changed appearance.

A small girl in a Connecticut town can boast of seven grandmothers. She has two own grandmothers, four great-grandmothers, and one great-great-grandmother. The latter grandmother is about one hundred years old.

Somebody said once that Bismarck could be silent in seven languages at once. That's nothing. President Coolidge could probably be silent in all the languages into which the Bible has been translated.

Weekly Calendar NOVEMBER 1923

STANDARD TIME	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
Nov 17	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Nov 24	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Nov 30	30	1	2	3	4	5	6

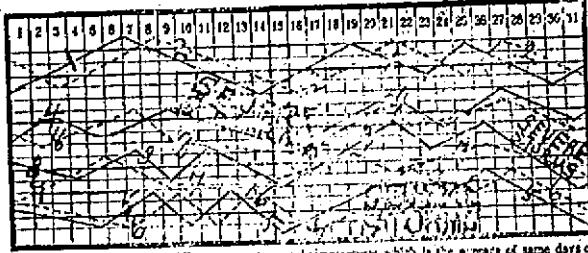
First Quarter, November 1st, 2:50 evening
New Moon, November 8, 10:28 morning
Last Quarter, November 15, 4:43 morning
Full Moon, November 23, 5:59 morning

Deaths.

In this city, Nov. 10, Harriet L. Huggins, in her 85th year.
In this city 12th inst., Margaret Theodore, eldest daughter of the late Alexander O'D. Taylor, in her 66th year.
In this city, 12th inst., William J. O. Young, in his 68th year.
In this city, 13th inst., Thomas Edward, son of Bridget and the late John Donahue.
In this city, 14th inst., Mrs. Leonora Bradley.
Suddenly in this city, 14th inst., Clara's Baby.
Suddenly in Portsmouth, R. I., 11th inst., Robbins Curtis Little, son of Rev. and Mrs. Francis K. Little, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in his 13th year.
In Jamestown, Nov. 14th, Peter P. Brown, in his 82nd year.
In Newton, Mass., 14th inst., Michael Nardelli, of this city.
In North Tiverton, R. I., 13th inst., Ralph Theodore Negus, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Negus.
In Fall River, 13th inst., Dorothy Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Earle Popple, aged 13 months.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR Nov. 1923



Smooth, heavy, average of four recent normal temperatures which is the average of some days of the year for last year. The chart shows the average of four recent normal temperatures which is the average of some days of the year for last year. The chart shows the average of four recent normal temperatures which is the average of some days of the year for last year.

Washington, Nov. 17, 1923.—I have given you valuable information, long in advance, about the great winter drouth in west half and the drouth, uneven spots of drouth in the east half of North America, Nov. 1 to Apr. 30, 1923-4. I could do this for you because I did not need to localize; the drouth will be general west of longitude 92 and general in unnamed spots east of that line. I want to tell you something about the unusual, unexpected by you, weather that will follow that continental drouth.

Excessive rains sometimes precede and follow those great drouths but the severe storms have much to do with excessive rains that seem to be tied to the great drouths. These items will suggest to you that the cropweather for this continent for 1924 is full of knotty questions. The great drouth will not be general in southern sections nor in northern; planters are arranging for an acreage shortage but it will be an acreage increase on account of a large acreage of abandoned winter grain.

These are all matters of local interest and I might reach some of them if I knew the circumstances.

The temperature lines on my November chart indicate high temperatures on all parts of the continent east of Rockies crest near 26 indicating that the severe storms due in the far northwest last days of November will be on time. West of longitude 92 the severe storms will produce less rain than usual and less than my private forecasts indicate. The storms that usually produce most rain are now expected—particularly west of longitude 92—to send hot air currents that will pick up some of the moisture already in the soil.

I am not well enough informed on horticulture to determine what the coming dry winter and early spring will do for the great fruit producing interests of the Pacific slope. But excessive rains often follow great drouths and I am sure that several sections of North America will get excessive and damaging rains for 1924.

I will soon have some weather knowledge that will interest the Department of Agriculture; something that its patrons cannot afford to do without and those for whom the Agricultural Department was instituted are sure to make strenuous demands.

I am not opposed to the principal work of the U. S. Weather Bureau and I am sure I would not accept a position in that institution. I certainly would not use the methods of that institution for agricultural purposes. It is absolutely not fitted for the farmer.

But for purposes of war, particularly the air service, for commerce and the navy the U. S. Weather Bureau is the right thing in the right place, except it should be; in one of two other departments; that of Commerce or that of War. I am asking friends of my work to put their shoulder to this wheel and push.

I would not accept any government office. I am too old, otherwise I am well liked, not hunting new employment and I have found what I started out to get on August 15, 1876.

W. T. FOSTER.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Dr. H. A. Roberts attended the Baptist Convention in Providence last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baker announce the arrival of a nine-pound boy on Sunday, November 11th, (Joseph Armistice Baker).

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge celebrated their 18th wedding anniversary at the Gables last Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Holton have returned to their home at the South East after an extended visit to Manchester, N. H.

Lee Cass, formerly of Block Island, and retired Captain of King Tut's Wooden Zouaves of local minstrel fame, has accepted a position as assistant superintendent of a large crockery concern in Boston, Mass.

S. Montgomery Rose has been awarded the contract of enlarging and making extensive alterations on

by the carpenters last Thursday. The plumbing, which was awarded to T. A. C. McClintock, will not be completed until spring.

Considering the inclement weather conditions, an exceptionally large congregation assembled last Sunday evening at the Center Primitive Methodist Church. The subject of Dr. Hesford's sermon was Primitive Methodism and its Origin.

Thomas V. Ward has purchased the Dr. Farnham estate on High street.

Armistice Day Program

The following program was presented in Mohegan Hall last Monday evening in memory of Armistice Day, before an enthusiastic audience that completely filled the auditorium.

Song Merton Mott, O.U.A.M.
Prayer Rev. A. Hesford
Address Nicholas Ball
Exercises Schools
West Side, Center, Junior High, Harbor
Remarks Mrs. Grace Pollard, Red Cross
Silver Collection
Song—To Thee, O Country

Remarks Junior High School
Mrs. C. C. Ball, W.C.T.U.
Monologue Mrs. Lillian Rose,
Rebekah Lodge
Address Rev. H.A. Roberts, I.O.O.F.
Reading Mrs. Hattie Littlefield, C.E.S.
Address Dr. C.F. Perry, F. & A.M.
Selection Orpheus Club
Reading Gertrude Mott, Mrs.
Maize Lewis, S. & D. L.
Song—Star Spangled Banner Audience

There will be a housewarming and reception at the local cigar factory on the night before Thanksgiving in order to give the local stockholders and others an opportunity to look over the establishment.

"There are degrees of goodness in men, but a woman is like an egg; she is good or she isn't."
"Twas a man that said that. Now let us hear from a woman."

Removing Spots From Furniture.
The white marks on furniture caused by heat or water may frequently be removed successfully by holding a hot iron near them. Care must be taken, however, not to hold the iron close enough to scorch the wood. If the spots are obstinate try covering them with cooking soda and holding the hot iron close to the mark. Such treatment will give the furniture a new appearance.

Queer Method of Swimming.
Most extraordinary is the devil-fish's method of swimming. It draws water into its body and then forces it out of a hole below the head. The force of the water as it rushes out propels the creature. Usually, the devil-fish swims backwards, but it can swim forward simply by turning its flexible siphon in the opposite direction.

Blue Walls and Flies.
Blue color keeps flies from a room, declares Alexander Duckham, an English experimenter. Lord Avebury, a great bee lover, once experimented to find out the effect of color on wasps. He decided they had no color sense. It is scent rather than color that welcomes an insect, though nature employs color in addition. One plant attracts its necessary insect satellite by smelling like bird meat.

Fishing by Wireless.
Vessels attached to the Canadian department of marine and fisheries are to be fitted with wireless apparatus for the purpose of reporting the movements of schools of fish. Telephone broadcasting apparatus will be employed by the same purpose. By this means fishermen owning receiving sets will avoid fruitless or unprofitable trips.

Churches Without Seats.
No sitting accommodation for congregations was provided in churches before the fourteenth century. People sat on straw or rushes laid on the floor.

Jasmine Hard to Imitate.
Nearly all flower scents can be successfully imitated by judicious blending of artificial odors. That of the jasmine is the most notable exception.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

have helped materially to Build up our Business. Strict adherence to fair-dealing methods is one of our fundamental principles.

WE SPECIALIZE

in the BETTER GRADE Brands of Groceries and Sundries and maintain an exceptionally Large Assortment for you to choose from.

OUR MEATS are all Government Inspected and are Shipped Direct from the PACKER to US. This Service assures you of Highest Quality and Strictly Fresh Products at all times.

The DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC who demand QUALITY and the BEST-THE-MARKET-PROVIDES are numbered among our REGULAR PATRONS.

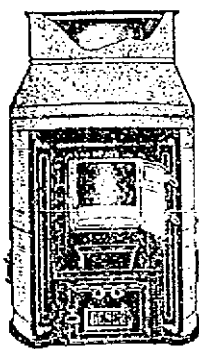
For Quality Products, Our Prices are The LOWEST IN TOWN

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Our DRUG DEPARTMENT is at Your Service Night and Day.

The Glenwood Furnace is Just as Good for Heating



As the famous Glenwood range is for baking. The same skilled workmen make it in the same great foundry.

Examination will quickly convince you that the Glenwood is the most substantial and conveniently arranged furnace you ever saw.

Write for Handsome Booklet of the Glenwood Furnace To WEIR STOVE COMPANY, TAUNTON, MASS.

BUY IT FROM

John Rose & Co., Main St., Block Island

SYLVIA ROSENTHAL

Effected Brave Rescue
of Eleven-Year-Old Boy

Miss Sylvia Rosenthal, fifteen-year-old St. Paul (Minn.) girl, who rescued from drowning the eleven-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. John Parker, of New York, at White Bear Lake, St. Paul.

WARNING BY FRANCE
FORBIDS DICTATOR

Ambassador at Berlin Tells
Chancellor Such a Regime
Will Not Be Tolerated.

Berlin.—General Nollet, France's representative on the Inter-Allied Disarmament Commission here, called at the Foreign Office and informed the government that France would not tolerate a Nationalist dictatorship in Germany.

It also was strongly suggested to the government that, in the event of such a dictatorship, France would act jointly with Poland and Czechoslovakia in frustrating its plans for renunciation of the Treaty of Versailles and reintroduction of Teutonic conscription.

At the same time it is learned from British diplomatic sources that London also has informed Chancellor Stresemann a Nationalist dictatorship will mean abandonment of the present efforts to bring the reparation problem to a reasonable solution, and will only bring down on Germany the united opposition of the entire world.

That repudiation of the treaty and restoration of conscription actually form part of the plans of the Nationalists and of their Fascist allies of all shades in every part of the country is becoming increasingly apparent from the utterances of their various leaders.

Count Westarp, one of Germany's leading militarists, in a speech at Dresden called for just such a program, while at Munich General von Lossow said that, should Germany declare war on France, the step would meet with the enthusiastic approval of the entire world.

The nature of the Nationalist plans was further explained by Dr. von Kahr, in a long speech before the Fatherland Union at Munich. Von Kahr demanded abandonment of the entire program of treaty fulfillment and active liberation by military force of the occupied territories.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

MUNICH.—General Ludendorff was banished from Germany for his part in the futile Bavarian "Putsch."

LONDON.—British exasperation at decline in value of pound sterling because of inflation rumor and election on tariff issue.

CHICAGO.—Lieutenant Benjamin R. McBride, twenty-six years old, of Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Mich., was killed during an Armistice Day air meet at Auburn Flying Field when his pursuit plane, going about 135 miles an hour, plunged into the ground from a height of about fifteen feet.

PHILADELPHIA.—The average freshman student has gained 6½ pounds in weight and two-tenths of an inch in height since the World War, according to the physical examinations made of 1,500 freshman students of the University of Pennsylvania.

BERLIN.—The Crown Prince's motor trip from the Dutch border to his estate at Oels, Silesia, was no triumphant transit. So far German public opinion is utterly indifferent to his return from Wieringen. Nobody talks about the Crown Prince's return, nobody seems to care whether he comes back or not.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The resignation of Major Gen. George Fletcher Chandler, commander of the State Constabulary, was presented to Gov. Smith.

PARIS.—It was stated semi-officially here that the United States has decided not to participate in the proposed Allied reparations inquiry.

ROME.—Sailors from the United States cruiser Detroit engaged in a street fight with Fascist in Venice, during which revolver shots were fired, according to a dispatch from that city. No casualties have been reported.

After fighting fire many times during his lifetime, John H. Partridge, 80, veteran fireman, died of burns caused by the ignition of an eye shade while he was lighting his pipe. He was one of three surviving members of an old time volunteer fire company of Bridgeport, Conn., and later served as a member of the city fire department.

BAVARIAN REVOLT
13 CRUSHED

General Ludendorff Surrenders
to Reichswehr When von Lossow
Repudiates Coup.

PUTSCH IS COMIC OPERA

Fascist Chief Wounded in Storming of
Ministry—Nine Reported Killed in
Fighting—Federal Troops in
Control of the City.

Berlin.—General von Ludendorff, the most dangerous man in Germany for the last four years, came to the end of his rope when he was taken captive by Reichswehr, who besieged the Bavarian War Ministry Office in Munich with practically no losses. With his arrest the Bavarian revolution collapsed like a punctured balloon.

Adolf Hitler escaped in the running fight in which von Ludendorff was captured. The ex-lieutenant was wounded and later rescued by his followers during the street battle. Nine were killed in the fight, which ended the one-night career of von Ludendorff as "Commander of the German National Army."

The breaking down of von Ludendorff, the haughtiest, the most dramatic and also the most insolent of the old German militarists, has stirred Germany, faded as it has been with continual crises.

Driven mad by ambition and having lost all sense of proportion in his determination to reunite the Teutonic peoples into a solid fighting force which yet would conquer the world, Ludendorff allied himself with Hitler.

When Hitler went off half-cocked, declaring the Fascist revolution in Munich, Ludendorff was dragged down with him. Ludendorff, who wished to impose himself upon Germany as the savior of the German peoples, is a captive in the hands of the Reichswehr.

Ludendorff and Hitler, having seized the War Ministry Building during the night as part of their revolution, found themselves surrounded next morning when von Kahr and von Lossow decided to declare they had been forced against their will to join the revolution the night before.

Von Lossow, commanding the Bavarian Reichswehr, deployed his troops around the building and rushed it. The Hitlerites showed no ability to resist.

The former chief of staff of the world's greatest army found himself in the ignominious position of leader of a band of guerrilla irregulars who were not able even to put up a fight. Then he found himself in the even more humiliating position of being forced to surrender to the very men he had once commanded.

The fate of Ludendorff is uncertain. Captured and in the hands of the Reichswehr, many things could happen to him. Germany's greatest strategist, fallen into a stupid trap he helped set himself, is faced with three possibilities.

He can be shot at the crack of dawn. A court martial can do it legally. He can be left in a room with a cold, blue automatic on the table beside him. He can be kept imprisoned until "tomorrow"—the burden of the putschists' song.

Dead, he could arouse greater political emotion throughout the Reich than if alive. What military drama goes on behind the prison walls among the generals who cannot help considering themselves his inferiors, can only be guessed.

The Ludendorff-Hitler putsch petered out quickly, according to information reaching Berlin from roundabout sources. But at this time it is much too early for the Reich Government to shout victory.

It is obvious that von Ludendorff and Hitler could not have succeeded without uprisings elsewhere in Germany, and the march of events has been too quick to preclude action in other parts of the Reich by their followers.

Von Kahr and von Lossow, who were surprised by Hitler in the Burgerbrau at Munich no sooner escaped from the menace of the revolvers leveled at them by Hitler's followers than they threw themselves on the support of the Reichswehr and ordered the arrest of the putschists.

U. S. REJECTS DEBT-PARLEY

Limitations on Proposed Export Inquiry Make It Futile.

Washington.—The United States will not accept an invitation to join in a reparations conference hampered as M. Poincare sought to hamper the one that has been under consideration.

How it will respond to the next invitation for a conference on the Hughes terms, in which France would not be represented, remains a question for the future.

DUTCH TO KEEP CROWN PRINCE

He Will Not Be Allowed to Visit Germany.

Doorn.—The Dutch government, in conformity with the undertaking it has given for the security of the Allies, will prevent former Crown Prince Frederick William from going to Germany. Frederick remains at Wieringen.

Meanwhile former Emperor William is continuing his conferences here with military and political personages who daily arrive from Germany.

In the first conference on the new working agreement for next year between the Springfield and Worcester trolley companies and their employees, it was learned that the men are asking an increase in wages to a minimum of 50 cents an hour for the men on two men cars and a maximum of 50 cents an hour for one-man car operators.

WILLIAM D. MCBEE

Speaker of Lower House
That Impeached Walton

William D. McBee is the speaker of the lower house of the Oklahoma legislature which impeached Governor Walton.

\$60,000,000 TRUST
FOR AN ORPHANAGE

Hershey, Pennsylvania Chocolate
Manufacturer, Transfers
His Entire Wealth.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Milton S. Hershey, multimillionaire candy manufacturer, head of the Hershey Chocolate Company at Hershey, near Harrisburg, and its fifteen constituent companies, has placed his entire wealth in trust for the Hershey Industrial School at that place.

Mr. Hershey authorized a statement regarding the transfer of stock of the sixteen companies, conservatively estimated, with the plants which they operate, as going concerns at \$60,000,000, in the name of the school, which is an orphanage that he founded in 1919. The actual transfer was made in 1918, but it was not until this week that even the people of Hershey knew of the gift. It is believed that next to Girard College the school is the richest of its kind in America.

The chocolate manufacturer authorized his chief counsel, John E. Snyder of Lancaster, to tell the details of his plans.

Mr. Hershey started life as a poor boy on the farm where his industrial school is now situated. According to Mr. Snyder, he conceived the idea of the orphanage about the time his immense chocolate plant and his town of Hershey were taking shape in 1903. Prior to that he had bought hundreds of acres of land round about where the town of Hershey stands, and near the center of these acres stood the old Hershey homestead which he bought in 1898.

Practically all of the stock in all of the companies was owned by Mr. Hershey. All his thriving concerns by 1918, fifteen years after the chocolate company was made the center of the industrial community at Hershey, it was in that year that the owner reached the conclusion that he had perfected his plan as far as he could except for future development as the business grew.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Coolidge Administration will not join Britain in using war debts as club on France to force untrammelled reparations conference.

Former President Wilson tells Armistice Day audience his principles will prevail "as surely as God reigns" and predicts "utter destruction and contempt" for those who oppose them.

Former Gov. Herbert S. Hadley inaugurated Chancellor of Washington University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler making the principal address. Weakness in voice of Wilson in his radio speech shocks his admirers. President Coolidge lays wreath on tomb of Unknown Soldier Thousands at services in Arlington Cemetery.

Secretary Mellon offers program to reduce tax assessment by \$323,000,000 next year on condition that bonus is rejected.

Prominent educators, business and professional men incorporate to wage nationwide campaign against Klan and similar organizations.

Woodrow Wilson gives way to emotion as he addresses Armistice Day throng assembled at his home to honor him.

President starts getting round-up of Congress opinion before preparing message.

Director Hines says 300 Congressmen a day send special pleas to Veterans' Bureau.

Reflection of Representative Gillett as Speaker of the House, a declaration of Nicholas Longworth as Republican leader, now said to be assured.

President Coolidge lets it be known that treaty with England on twelve-mile liquor search limit will not alter liquor carrying ban against American ships.

1923 open season for hunting deer in Vermont began Nov. 5 and continues through Nov. 19, excepting Sunday. The first casualty in Northern Vermont was when Leslie Hatch of Barre was taken to Brightlight Hospital, St. Johnsbury, with a bullet wound in his jaw. He was hunting with a party of friends in Peacham and was mistaken for a deer.

INCOME TAX CUTS
OF \$323,000,000

Mellon Proposes 25 Per Cent Reduction on Earned Incomes
and Lower Normal Rates.

CALLS SURTAXES A FAILURE

Program, Outlined by Treasury Chief
in Letter, Has the President's Backing—Would Apply at \$10,000 Instead of \$5,000; Attacks Bonus.

Salient Items of New
Mellon Tax Program

Washington.—Following are the chief tax revision changes proposed by Secretary Mellon:

- 1.—Reduce the income tax 25 per cent.
- 2.—Reduce the 4 per cent normal tax to 3 per cent and the 8 per cent one to 6 per cent.
- 3.—Begin surtax application at \$10,000, scaling tax progressively upward to 25 per cent on \$100,000.
- 4.—Limit deduction of capital losses to 12½ per cent of the total loss.
- 5.—Limit gross income deductions for interest paid and for non-business losses to the amount the sum of these items exceeds tax-exempt income.
- 6.—Tax community property income of the spouse having control of the income.
- 7.—Repeal taxes on telephones, telegrams and leased wires.
- 8.—Repeal tax on theatre admissions.
- 9.—Repeal miscellaneous nuisance taxes.

Washington.—Revision of Federal taxes, expected to reduce the total assessment by \$323,000,000 next year is proposed in the program approved by Secretary Mellon for submission to Congress.

Recommendations are made for a 25 per cent reduction in the taxes on earned income, altering the normal taxes on incomes from 4 per cent and 8 per cent to 3 per cent and 6 per cent respectively. Application of the surtax at \$10,000 instead of \$5,000 and scaling progressively upward to 25 per cent on incomes of \$100,000 and repeal of the taxes on amusement admissions and on telegrams, telephone messages and leased wires.

Against these reductions the program provides taxation in increases by limitation of the deduction of capital losses to 12½ per cent of the loss and limitation of the deduction from gross income for interest paid during the year and for losses not of a business character to the amount the sum of these items exceeds tax exempt income of the taxpayers. It is proposed also to tax community property income of the spouse having control of the income.

Mr. Mellon's program is outlined in a letter sent by him to Acting Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee and made public at the Treasury.

He concluded the communication with this observation:

"A soldiers' bonus would postpone tax reduction not for one but for many years to come. It would mean an increase rather than a decrease in taxes, for in the long run it could be paid only out of moneys collected by the government from the people in the form of taxes. Throughout its consideration of the problem the Treasury has proceeded on the theory that the country would prefer a substantial reduction of taxation to the increased taxes that would necessarily follow from a soldiers' bonus, and I have faith to believe that it is justified in that understanding."

TO FIGHT THE KLAN

Educators, Business and Political Leaders Unite.

Washington.—A National Vigilance Association has been incorporated to wage "an intensive, countrywide campaign looking to the disintegration of the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations," according to an announcement made here.

Virginia Starr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Starr, born Nov. 4, is abundantly blessed with grandmothers, having two, in addition to four great-grandmothers and one great-great-grandmother all of whom live in Connecticut except one great-grandmother, Mrs. H. A. Allen of Ithaca, N. Y.

CUTICURA HEALS
WHITE BLISTERS

On Arms, Face and Chest.
Itched and Burned.

"A rash broke out on my arms and spread to my face and chest. After a while it took the form of white blisters. The itching and burning were unbearable, and my clothing aggravated the eruptions. When I scratched the affected parts the blisters would burst and the skin become inflamed. I found it impossible to sleep."

"I read an advertisement about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some, and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Margaret Sullivan, 36 Thames St., Newport, R. I., Aug. 20, 1921.

Beautiful your skin by daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposit on or before Saturday,
October 20th, 1923, to earn a
dividend due in January, 1924.

THE MONEY YOU INVEST NOW

may be the starting point of your success.
See that you invest it safely.

Start an account with the Industrial Trust
Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month,
draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

2329 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attention toCHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTIONAll Goods
are Fresh
Absolutely

A slight punctured wound of the left foot, inflicted when he stepped on a rusty nail, caused the death of Joseph Stepiak, 49, at City Hospital, Worcester, Mass., from blood poisoning.

Louis K. Liggett presided and introduced Charles F. Weed. Mr. Weed told of the formation and growth of the chamber and the work it has accomplished in the past.

Fitchburg, Mass., youngsters were playing Indian in earnest and as a result, George Lammer, seven, was taken to the Memorial Hospital Worcester with a serious injury to his left eye where an arrow struck it.

Gov. Baxter of Maine has nominated John G. Towne of Waterville, commander of the Maine Department, American Legion, as medical examiner for Kennebec County and Ernest L. Goodspeed of Gardner as disclosure commissioner.

Only 10 deer were reported to the Vermont fish and game department as having been killed on the first day of the present open season, Windsor county having four, Washington and Windham counties two each, and Lamoille and Rutland counties one each.

The E. T. Wright Shoe Company, Rockland, Mass., will distribute back pay to employees who remained loyal during the shoe strike last Spring. The firm at that time agreed with its workers that if they remained loyal and at work, any increase resulting from the strike would be retroactive to May 18. Close to \$50,000 will be distributed about Christmas time.

Gov. Charles A. Templeton, of Connecticut has authorized Dr. Stanley H. Osborn, head of the state health department, to go to Cambridge, Mass., to investigate a suspected "medical diploma mill" and the Governor also called on the members of state collective examining board, implicating some more directly than others in the scandal of 200 fake Connecticut doctors, to resign before he ousted them.

Four hunters, L. E. Wiley, William Pringle and A. C. Ory of Manchester, Vt., and Charles F. Baker of Asbury, N. J., routed with bird shot a large panther when they were on a hunting trip near Stratton mountain. When observed the panther was crouching near them. Earlier in the day they heard a loud thump and they believe it was the sound of the animal dropping from a tree and it had evidently followed them.

B. Loring Young, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, speaking at the first dinner of the fall season of Boston Chapter, American Institute of Banking, asserted that the state has been able to reduce its indebtedness by \$10,000,000 during the last five years simply by the introduction of the budget system. He stated that under the old system of appropriating funds for one several state departments, the state debt was piling up at an alarming rate and, he declared, in 1912 it owed \$23,790,000 and in the next succeeding five years it mounted to \$33,653,000. He argued that if that condition had been allowed to continue it would have meant disaster in a generation, and a burden which our children would have been forced to bear.

After being in graves from 27 to 69 years, four bodies have been removed from the farm of Edwin I. Littlefield, recently bought from Fred H. Jones, and placed in the Village Cemetery, West Kennebunk, Me. The undertaker was not ready for the burial and the bodies were carried to the parlor in which the funerals were held years ago and remained there 34 hours, thus returning to their home for a reunion, though dead. They were father and children.

WILSON OVERCOME

He is Greatly Affected by Seeing Disabled Soldiers.

Washington.—Three times former President Wilson broke down with emotion as he addressed the third Armistice Day pilgrimage that greeted him at his S street home. The war President showed that his spirit was unbowed when, at the close of a two minutes' speech, he declared he "was not one of those who have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles" he had stood for.

PENN. BREWERIES SEIZED

Judge McKeehan Warns Officials Against Illegal Acts.

Philadelphia.—The seizure by prohibition enforcement agents of fourteen breweries with a value of \$30,000,000 was followed here by a decision of Judge McKeehan of the United States District Court that it was illegal to seize the entire brewing plants. He held that a search warrant authorized enforcement agents to seize only intoxicating liquors illegally manufactured.

DEATH ALMOST WON IN THIS RACE



This photograph, caught of an engine and an automobile while both were going at high speed, shows that the auto driver who tries to beat the train to a crossing generally ends up in a hospital or undertaker's. Death was prevented from taking its usual toll when the motorist saw his error just in time. He swung his car up a steep bank, almost overturning it, and was able by a few feet to avoid a crash.

TROLLEY CAR CANNOT CHANGE ITS COURSE

Dangerous Practice to Follow Street Cars Too Closely—Keep Twelve Feet Away.

(By ERWIN GREER, President Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago.)

Accidents in which automobiles figure with trolley cars are not the most uncommon on the list and there are several little points that if followed by the auto driver will lessen such accidents. One of the principal things to keep in mind is that a trolley car runs on tracks and consequently cannot change its course, so that it is up to the motor car pilot to watch out for trolleys, rather than for the motor car to watch out for automobiles.

Every day we see automobiles closely following street cars on the rails. This is a very dangerous practice, for the auto driver has no means of knowing what instant the motor man may jam on his brakes, and in such a case it is almost impossible to avoid a collision. Then there is the auto driver who, fails to take into consideration the fact that trolley cars are likely to turn off at corners where tracks intersect, and thus at times the motorist finds himself jammed between the trolley and the curb. Also the driver often fails to figure that when a street car turns away from him on a curve the rear end is bound to swing out several feet beyond the track.

To be safe a driver should always stop his auto at least twelve feet behind a standing street car, and in no case should he take dangerous chances crowding in between a trolley and the curb. Also drivers should never attempt to pass a street car moving in the same direction, on the left side, but this is a practice that is common in many cities.

BEWARE OF THE "ROAD LIFT"

Prudence in City or Elsewhere Says That It Shall Neither Be Offered, or Accepted.

The lift on the road is an old act of kindness. Decent people in settled orderly places offered it because they were amiable and wanted to help another person along the way; but prudence in a city, or elsewhere for that matter, says that it shall neither be offered nor accepted nowadays.

A good deal of crime is on wheels, says the Chicago Tribune. Criminals are scouting the street and the country roads. The people they pick up are virtually helpless. Contrarywise, the man in a car who yields to a request for a ride may find a gun at his head in short order. The good Samaritan may go to the hospital in a hurry. It is the ugly necessity of city life to regard a stranger as a potential enemy. It need not result in discourtesy, but it says keep your guard up. Credulity often leads to an empty pocketbook and a black eye, or, in the case of a woman, to worse.

TUBE REPAIR KIT ESSENTIAL

One of the Most Important Accessories for Every Motorist to Carry in His Machine.

Probably one of the most important accessories for every motorist to have in his car is a tube repair kit. It is very much like life insurance, in that it is no good at all until needed. When it is needed it is indispensable. This fact is particularly true when tires are punctured many miles from any repair station. Considering the kit's small cost the men say it is the cheapest insurance possible against country road delays and expense.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

A tire with low air pressure creates friction and causes the car to slow up.

A rigid shaft will bind unless the alignment is perfect and provision is made to prevent frame deflection.

Unhappiness. The worst kind of unhappiness, as well as the greatest source of it, comes from a bad temper.

Never Give Up. When you are in a bad way, never give up. Keep on trying, and you will find a way out.

Isabel's Own Idea

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(Copyright, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I'm twenty-five years old," began Isabel.

"Wait, wait, my dear; that's not being done, telling one's age," said her chum.

Isabel was impatient. "I know it isn't. Neither is what I'm about to do."

"Then it can't be getting married, can it?" laughed Bess. "For assuredly that is being done hereabouts."

Isabel dismissed the thought as frivolous. "I was about to say that I am twenty-five years old and that for five years a persistent idea has been pestering me with its presence in my thoughts."

"Don't you perhaps flatter yourself?" Her chum insisted on being facetious.

"No, I do have serious thoughts, Bess. I have been watching mothers and children. I have helped to take care of two sisters' youngsters and scores of neighbors' babies. I find I have great success with them."

"Well, what of it? Did you think of starting an orphan asylum? They don't start those; they just grow out of a community of voters, and by law and all that sort of thing, Isabel." Bess was still unable to be serious.

"No, I am not going to have an orphan asylum, although you might be interested to know that in the recent reading of my vocational qualifications by an expert analyst I got nearly 100 per cent in my ability to take charge of groups of children, manage a home for sick babies or some kindred job."

So now. Of course that only added to the force of my persistent idea that I could turn to practical account my knack of keeping children well."

"Some job," remarked Bess.

"But I'm going to do it. I've made my plans with father and mother, and though neither of them is thrilled with the prospect, they're going to let me have a go at it," said Isabel, earnestly.

In spite of her levity Isabel's life-long chum gave her the greatest assistance in carrying out her plans to establish in her own home a center, where mothers might take their children, when they seemed not quite to understand, mentally or otherwise.

Isabel made a charge that could be met by most families, and she took the children at first only for a day in order to study them. Sometimes she watched them with other children. Sometimes she played with them herself to find out how the child's mind reacted to certain subjects. At other times she left them alone to see what they would choose to do voluntarily.

Thus she studied them. She was thoroughly practical, for she weighed and measured them, found out what they had been eating without offense to the mother, ascertained the number of hours they had slept and under what conditions.

Children responded to the atmosphere of her big playroom and garden with its adjacent sleeping porch and rest couches. They drank milk for her when they had refused to touch it at home; they ate carrots and onions or they slept or played just as she wanted them to. She had a decided understanding of children and their needs.

It was not long before she found that she had more than she could do, even with the paid assistance of her chum. She was neither a nurse nor a doctor, but merely a student of child life, and her scope, while considered limited by old-fashioned folks, seemed almost unlimited.

Mothers were delighted with the outlook the children got at life from Miss Isabel's teachings. They went to "visit" her every time they seemed a little out of sorts and came home bright and well and cheerful and up to weight.

Isabel's idea was not to keep children for a long time but to put them as nearly right as she could in a short time so as not to let the mother's sense of responsibility be lessened. She became great friends with the visiting nurses in the various schools in the villages. They were much interested in her unusual plan and its seeming success.

"I know of a very pitiful case of a father in our town who is trying to bring up two little ones with the unsatisfactory help of a mere girl who does housework. I wish you could have them," said Miss Hecht, a nurse in an adjoining district.

"But—why not?" asked Isabel, interested at once.

"It's a delicate case. The father wants to do it. He doesn't see how inadequately he is succeeding. The little girl is pale, thin. The boy needs attention."

"Perhaps I might talk to him," said Isabel.

The nurse studied the young woman for a few moments. A light came into her eyes. "I believe you could," she said. "He means the best in the world but—he's not yet thirty and is, perhaps, devoted to the memory of the children's mother and hates to see them in other hands."

"I'm going to try," said Isabel.

By a strategic succession of arrangements, Isabel and the father of the children met. He did not know who she was. She did not know what was. Whether it was fate, whether it was the guardian angel of the children or whether it was just plain old-fashioned cupid's arrows, no one ever has been able to determine. But John Storm was attracted at once to the young woman who had not known him a half hour before she was asking him about his children of whom she admitted she had heard.

He warmed to the subject as she had never dreamed he would and, as he unfolded the inner man in his earnestness and sincerity for the welfare of his babies, Isabel began to feel a keen interest in him. She felt that it

must be merely the interest kindled through her desire to see the children taken care of.

In less time than it took to bring about the meeting of Isabel and John Storm, she had the two children at her home and was feeding them, playing with them, making them rest and gain and grow red cheeks.

John Storm, being a devoted father, came often to the restful home of his children. After they were tucked in bed with the other little ones and the temporary mother of them all was tired and ready to sit down, he frequently sat beside her.

"John Storm is a pretty good sized orphan, Isabel," chuckled her chum, Bess, after weeks of observing which way the wind was blowing.

Isabel blushed—in spite of her now twenty-six years. "I feel so sorry for him," she said, lamely.

"You, know what pity's akin to, don't you?" Isabel nodded.

And that night she was forced to admit that it was more than pity that she felt for the father of John and Hazel Storm.

"If you think it would not interfere with my work I—I think I could manage you, too," she said to him before he left.

"On the contrary, I believe I could help you, dear," he told her. "I shall spend my days in trying to show how truly thankful I am for you—you, yourself and your wonderful care of my little ones."

"Then—it's a bargain," said Isabel.

SECRET OF REMAINING YOUNG

Method of Postponing Old Age Lies in Observing Moderation in Eating, Sleeping and Everything You Do.

Old age is as inevitable as death and taxes. But the term "old age" is elastic; some persons are old at fifty years; some are young at eighty. A witty Frenchman said once that a man is as old as his arteries; which is partly true, since the condition of the arteries is a pretty fair condition of the state of the other tissues and organs.

Many physicians believe that the degenerative changes that are characteristic of old age begin in the arteries and appear later in the other tissues as a consequence of the diminished supply of blood and of impure blood. One theory is that the arterial thickening and hardening invariably found in the aged (the aged as measured by diminished function and not by years) are owing to auto-intoxication acting through many years; the poisons in the blood cause degenerative changes in the walls of the arteries. Another theory is that senility depends on changes in the cells and tissues caused by a principle in them that leads in early life to growth and in later life to decay.

But whatever the theories, and there are many of them, they all lead to the same conclusion; depending in the case of another on the mode of life he has followed, the period at which old age begins varies within the wide limits, and, barring an inexorable inheritance, the individual can do much to postpone it. Unfortunately, the time to begin is early adult life, just when old age seems so remote as to be negligible.

The secret of postponing old age lies in observing temperance in the broad sense of the word—moderation in everything; in eating, in coffee drinking and tea drinking, in sleeping, in exercising, in working and indeed in every phase of human existence. Athletics are not long-lived; neither are those who are too strenuous in business, nor those who worry. The obese are usually short-lived for the reason that they are likely to be heavy eaters or to have defective nutritive organs. Breathing fresh air day and night and walking moderately without missing a day are essential to long life, as they are essential to health.—Youth's Companion.

She Was Particular.

The English teacher used her blue pencil generously on her pupil's themes, and sometimes they were out of humor over the results. One of the star pupils said so to her chum, when her last theme was returned:

"I thought it was almost perfect," she said, "and it has nine corrections in it."

"Oh, don't worry," her friend said. "I'll bet when she reads the Bible she does it with a blue pencil in her hand."

No Use.

Filson—During the hot weather I manage to keep cool simply by the exercise of my will.

Fussell—Oh, I've tried that, but it makes me all-fired hot trying to exert my will.—Boston Transcript.

Driven to It.

"Why did you introduce these day and night letters?"

"Oh, a woman couldn't say anything in a ten-word telegram."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Exactling Occupation.

"It's a hard job," exclaimed the man of restless energy.

"What job is that?"

"Mine. I've undertaken the publicity work for a new secret society."

Young Mayor.

One of the youngest municipal executives in the United States is Patrick J. O'Connell, who at the age of twenty-four is the head of the city government of Bayonne, N. J.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

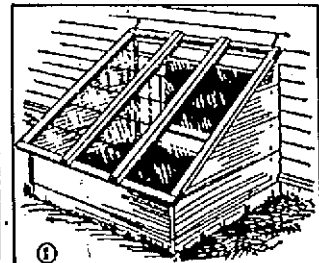
HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

By A. NEELY HALL

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

A HOMEMADE HOTBED AND COLD FRAME.

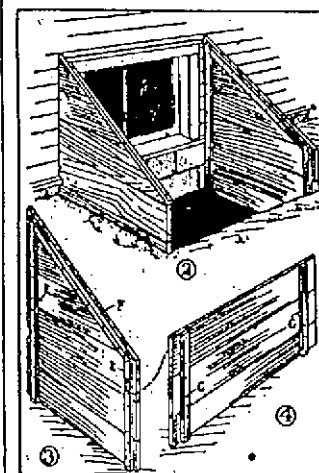
By the use of this easily made frame you boys who garden can plant radish, lettuce and other early vegetable seeds and have vegetables for the table several weeks ahead of the neighbors. A hotbed differs from a cold frame in that the temperature is obtained from fermenting manure, while the cold frame only retains heat



obtained from the sun. The hotbed is used for starting seeds and advancing the seedlings, the cold frame for protecting seedlings and plants from frost until the outdoor temperature permits transplanting.

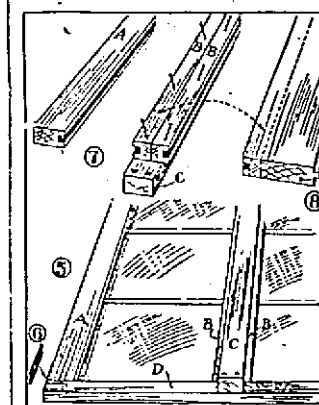
In the illustration is shown a hotbed which can be used also as a cold frame by raising the sash covering to regulate the temperature. By utilizing the space in front of a basement window, seeds and seedlings can be tended from the window, which is a handy arrangement. Place the hotbed upon the south side of the house, so the tilted sash will receive the maximum of sunlight.

If you can get glazed sash six inches wider than the basement window, and about four feet in length, it will simplify your work; if not, you can readily make your own sash. Fig. 1 shows



a homemade sash, and Fig. 5 a corner detail. The edge strips (A and D, Figs. 6 and 7), and the dividing strips (B) must have grooved edges for the glass to set in. Figs. 7 and 8 show how to save the work of grooving by ripping off the grooved edges of tongued-and-grooved boards. For the dividing strips (B), place two of the grooved strips back to back (Fig. 7) and fasten them by nailing to a strip lapped over the joint between. Fig. 8 shows how to lap the edges of the glass plates the way shingles are laid, so there will be no open joints.

Use screws for assembling the sash strips. Nailing might cause the glass to crack. Screw the projecting ends of strips C (Fig. 7) to strips D (Fig. 5), and strap together strips A and D



with four-inch iron straps (Fig. 6); the straps can be got at a hardware store. Fill the grooves with putty to keep the glass in place.

A hotbed generally has a pit two feet in depth filled with manure, with eight inches of garden soil placed on top; but this amount of manure would produce too high a temperature for the spring months, and might cause the plants to burn out. A twelve-inch pit is deep enough.

The sides of the frame must extend to the bottom of the pit (Fig. 2). Prepare these as shown in Fig. 3, with the top edges slanted from the height of the window to within twelve inches of the ground. Fasten the boards with battens E and F. Cut the front boards to fit between the sides, and fasten them with battens G (Fig. 4).

As this hotbed can be reached from the basement window it is unnecessary to hinge the sash. Provide it with a couple of hooks to hook into screw eyes sewed into the house (Fig. 1).

Sprinkle soil before planting, and water as often as is necessary to keep it moist, preferably while the sun is shining.

New Way of Making Living.

An original and curious way of making a living is that of one woman in Scotland who is engaged in tearing and twisting by hand the fringes of tartan plaids which are worn by certain British regiments of the British army.

HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS

By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

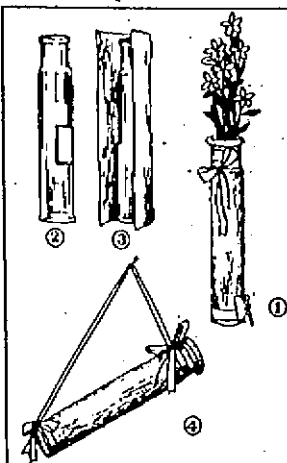
WILD FLOWER RECEPTACLES.

There never are enough small receptacles at hand to hold wild flowers brought home after a day's gathering in the fields and woods.

The vase in Fig. 1 is made of an olive bottle (Fig. 2), by wrapping the outside with a piece of ribbon or crepe tissue-paper (Fig. 3), and tying with narrow ribbon at either end. To make a hanging receptacle of this vase, attach a ribbon hanger to the ends, as shown in Fig. 4.

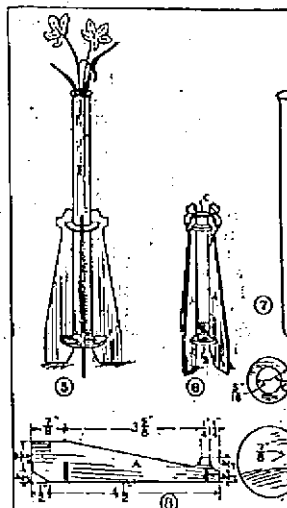
The slender vase in Fig. 5 requires a base made of cardboard (Fig. 6), and a chemist's glass test-tube (Fig. 7). A cardboard box will supply the material for the standard, and you can buy the test-tube for a dime at a drug-store. Get a tube that measures about 8 inches long and one-half inch in diameter (inside).

A diagram for cutting upright pieces A of the standard is shown in Fig. 8. After preparing one upright, use it as a pattern for marking out the other



three. Each upright has two notches cut in its inner edge, to receive shelf B and ring C (Fig. 8). Figures 9 and 10 show the dimensions for B and C. You will notice that the test-tube slips through the hole in ring C and rests upon the shelf B. Fasten together the pieces with glue.

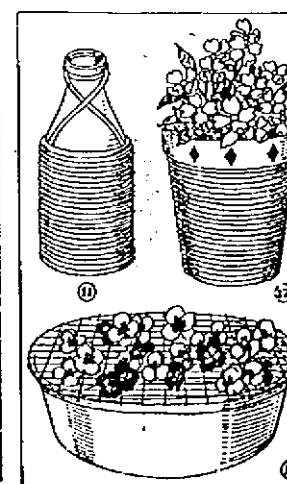
A pint-size milk bottle forms the foundation for the vase shown in Fig. 11. Its sides are embellished with raffia, or paper rope made of twisted strands of crepe-paper. First, cross and glue four strips of raffia paper rope onto the neck of the bottle, as the two shown in Fig. 11 are crossed. Then, starting at the shoulder of the bottle, wrap from that point down to the bottom. The lower ends of the



crossed strips will be concealed by the lower wrapping.

The flower-pot receptacle (Fig. 12) has an outside wrapping of raffia or paper rope, and diamond-shaped pieces of colored paper glued at equal distances apart, around the top band of the pot. A cork stuck into the drain hole will make the receptacle watertight.

Short-stem flowers can be arranged nicely in a pan or basin having a network fastened across its top as shown in Fig. 13 because each mesh of the network will support a blossom. Fasten a cord or wire around the pan close to its rim, then form the mesh with strands of wire, cord or heavy linen thread, running the strands from side to side, about three-fourths inch apart, and fastening their ends to the wire around the rim.



On the Lunar Side. A colored gentleman named Joshua Johnson was arrested for making whisky. When his case was called the judge jokingly asked him if he was any relation to the Joshua that made the nut stand still. "No, sah," replied Joshua, "I'm no relation to dat guy, but I'm the real and 'riginal Joshua that made de nut stand still."

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
362 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WALK

ALL PERSONS desiring of having wa-
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place of business should make application
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Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

HOW

YOU CAN REMEMBER NAMES
AND NAMES OF PEOPLE—
Are you using all of your
brain?

Dr. James J. Walsh, noted
psychologist, asks this question
asserting that comparatively few
people do so in one important
respect—the development and
maintenance of their memories.
There is no excuse, writes
Doctor Walsh, for anyone's hav-
ing a poor memory. We never
completely forget anything we
have learned, but the problem
is to train the mind to repro-
duce for us any fact we desire to
remember. This, he says, can
be accomplished by observing a
few simple rules.

The first thing to be cultivated
by a person who desires to im-
prove his memory, states Doctor
Walsh, is the habit of atten-
tion. "Learn to concentrate."

"Perhaps you say you cannot
remember faces," he continues,
"but if that is true, it is because
you are not sufficiently inter-
ested in the new people you
meet. Catalogue in your mind
the various types of faces—
round, oval, long, bony—and the
various types of eyes, noses,
chins, mouths, foreheads and
jaws; then fit each new face
you see into its proper type and
make mental note of the fea-
tures in which it differs from
other faces. Try to find some
resemblance between that face
and the face of some one you
know well."

"In seeking to remember facts,
think in pictures. A child re-
members a zebra as a striped
horse and a giraffe as a long-
necked horse."

"If remembering numbers is
your chief difficulty, do simple
sums in arithmetic as a pastime,
to accustom yourself to dealing
with numbers. A similar cure
may be practiced by persons who
find difficulty in remembering
words. Learn a few lines of
verse every day. When you are
riding on street cars, commit to
memory the text of the adver-
tising cards."

"If you cannot remember
names, attempt a classification
of them similar to your classifi-
cation of faces. If the names
are of foreign origin, remember
from what country they come.
Fix their rhythm in your mind.
'John Alphonsus Smith' has as
definite a rhythm as the first line
of 'The Star Spangled Banner.'
So has the telephone number
'Main eight six hundred.' Names
derived from such things as col-
ors and animals suggest their
own classification. Other names
may suggest pictures. In any
case, spell the name to yourself
and see the letters in your mind."

"Have confidence in your mem-
ory, and don't rely on pencilled
notes or the memories of others.
Use as many senses as possible
in obtaining an impression of
an object, and revive your im-
pressions frequently. After a vaca-
tion, actors must rehearse
roles in which they have ap-
peared many times. Make your
memory training practical and
useful. A telephone operator, for
example, might use her time bet-
ter in committing telephone num-
bers to memory than in memoriz-
ing English verse."

"Genius," says Lowell, "is ac-
cumulated memory." Those who
possess genius almost invariably
have retentive memories, because
early in their careers they
learned to use their brains—all of
them."—Popular Science Monthly.

FACTS ABOUT CHARING CROSS

Area Near Trafalgar Square, London.
Probably Derives Name From
Village of Cheringe.

Charing Cross is a large area on the
south side of Trafalgar square, Lon-
don, between the Strand and White-
hall. It probably derives its name
from the village of Cheringe, which
stood there in the Thirteenth century.
A fanciful tradition, however, assigns
the origin of the name to the stone
cross erected there by Edward I (1272-
1307), in memory of his wife, Eleanor,
is there reined (the dear queen). Ac-
cording to other authorities, this word
is said to be derived from the Saxon
charan (to bend)—both river and road
taking a bend there. The cross
erected there by Edward I was pulled
down by the long parliament in 1647.
A stone cross, designed as a repre-
sentation of the original one, has been
erected in front of the Charing Cross
Railway station. The Romans were
not to build there in 1647.

Secretary of Agriculture Takes
Interest in Boys' and Girls' Work

A Quartet of Red Heads—Secretary Wallace and Three Club Members
From One Family.

(Prepared by the United States Department
of Agriculture.)

The fact that there are more than
500,000 members of boys' and girls'
agricultural clubs in the United
States does not prevent Secretary of
Agriculture Wallace from taking a
keen personal interest in what many
of these youngsters are doing with
their calves, pigs, chickens, gardens,
and in canning and other home
work. The secretary writes many
letters to club members who have
done particularly good work, and in
return he receives many letters with
details of the work they are doing
and invitations to "come on out and
look over our stock."

Secretary Receives a Letter.

Recently the secretary wrote a con-
gratulatory letter to two Iowa club
boys who had been successful with
their cattle at the state fair. In re-
ply he received the following letter
signed "Cook Bros. per Cecil Cook":
"Dear Mr. Wallace: We were very
glad to receive your letter of congrat-

ulation in regard to the calf club work.
After showing at Des Moines we came
back to Harlan county fair and were
first in Hereford class and grand
champion baby beef on the calf you
mentioned. We also got first, second
and third on Shorthorns. We also
showed at the Central Iowa fair at
Marshalltown last week, getting
third on Hereford, showing against
Yost and Cassidy; and first, second and
third on Shorthorns. The Hereford
was within about top of the sale at
Marshall. Two of our Shorthorns
brought \$14 per hundred, being the
high selling Shorthorns of the sale.
"You are heartily invited to come
out to see us whenever you are in
Iowa or out this way."

All Four Red Heads.

In the picture Secretary Wallace is
shown with three club girls, sisters,
members of a party that visited the
Department of Agriculture. All in
the group, including the secretary, are
red heads.

Greenhouse Products
in Increasing DemandGlass Farming Has Become
Important Industry.

(Prepared by the United States Department
of Agriculture.)

Glass farming, or the growing of
flowers and vegetables in green-
houses, has become an important in-
dustry in the United States, and ac-
cording to the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture, the industry is
constantly increasing because of the
demand for vegetable and floral prod-
ucts of the quality that can be pro-
duced in the modern greenhouse.
There are now more than 17,000 es-
tablishments employing some type of
forcing structure for the production
of plants, flowers, or vegetables, the
glass area covering nearly 3,800
acres.

High-quality greenhouse products
are finding an increased demand, and
the industry offers special inducements
to those having a knowledge
of and a liking for the work. Suc-
cess in this industry will depend
much on the suitability and ade-
quacy of the equipment. The fact
that the quantity of coal used to
maintain an acre of space inclosed in
greenhouses at the required tempera-
tures varies from 250 to 500 tons a
season, indicates the need for the
practice of every possible economy.
According to Farmers' Bulletin No.
1318, Greenhouse Construction and
Heating, just published by the
United States Department of Agri-
culture, fuel losses in greenhouse
heating are sustained because of poor-
ly constructed houses, a faulty heat-
ing system, or the lack of repair of
the house or the heating plant.

This bulletin discusses the construc-
tion and heating of greenhouses, giv-
ing such information as will be useful
to those contemplating engaging in
the business, and may be secured free
of charge from the United States De-
partment of Agriculture, Washing-
ton, D. C.

Profitable Stock Gains
Made by Using Protein

Economical gains on cattle require
a certain amount of protein. If
clover or alfalfa hay is used as the
entire roughage, additional protein
need not be fed unless one ton of such
protein rich feed as cottonseed meal
or linseed meal, costs less than the
value of three tons of alfalfa or clover.
If alfalfa or clover is available, or is
available as only a part of the rough-
age ration, more economical gains can
be made by using a limited amount
of cottonseed meal.

Control Fall Army Worm
by Using Poisoned Bait

Garden and field crops, grasses and
alfalfa are all prone to injury by the
fall army worm. The pest may be
controlled by using poisoned bait made
by mixing an ounce of white arse-
nate with a pound of bran moistened
with a pint and one-half of water to
which have been added three ounces
of molasses and the juice and chopped
rinds of one-half dozen lemons.

Jump at Conclusions.

Jumping at conclusions is always
hazardous; a fish dials it so in jump-
ing at the conclusion of a dialling.

Carrying Scandals.

To carry scandals and evil reports
is to carry a load which will sink the
water.

Proper Sowing of Wheat
Will Kill Hessian Fly

Wheat sown too soon serves as fall
pasture for the Hessian fly, one of
the crop's worst enemies, and enables
the pest to live over and cut down the
wheat crop of the following season.
On the other hand, by delaying sow-
ing until after the "fly free" dates, an-
nounced locally by county agricultural
agents, farmers can break the life cycle
of Hessian fly and rid their wheat
crop of the pest the year following.
This is because the fly has two life
cycles a year. Each cycle, if com-
pleted, has four stages. To cut into
the succession at any point breaks up
the whole business. From eggs laid
on the leaves maggots hatch. These
maggots feed on wheat stalks near the
base of the leaves, sucking juice that
should go to make grain, and dam-
aging the stalk so that it breaks and
lodges easily. This done, the maggots
go into a puparia or flaxseed form
if it lives on in the soil.

Thus, by concerted late sowing of
this crop a county can smash by
starvation that fall brood of fly. And
without a fall brood there can be no
spring brood. But one or two fields
of early-seeded wheat can infect a
whole locality.

Utilizing Waste Roughage
for Bedding Material

On every farm there is a large
amount of roughage which is not fit
to feed live stock. Sometimes this
is in the form of weeds or brown
sage; sometimes it is damaged hay or
straw. Frequently this material is ig-
nored or thrown in some place where
it can never be made use of.

This sort of material makes excel-
lent bedding for all classes of live
stock, says Prof. L. V. Sarkey, chief
of the animal husbandry division, in
discussing the best uses of waste
roughages. It absorbs the liquid
manure and, when hauled on the
fields, adds to the organic matter in
the soil. When we take into consid-
eration the fact that more than half
the value of manure is in the liquid
form, we can easily see how impor-
tant it is to save the liquid and thus
increase the fertility of the soil.

Feeding More Roughage.
Than Animals Consume

Some make a practice of feeding
more roughage than the animals will
consume and using what is refused
for bedding. This is an extravagant
and wasteful practice where good,
clean hay is fed. The most success-
ful feeders feed just what roughage
the animals will clean up and use for
bedding only that roughage which is
too inferior to be consumed by the
animals.

Satisfactory Hen Coop
Made at Small Expense

How a satisfactory poultry house
can be made at small expense by plac-
ing two piano boxes back to back and
covering them with tar roofing paper
is told in Farmers' Bulletin 1331, on
Back Yard Poultry Keeping, which
may be had free on application to the
Department of Agriculture at Wash-
ington.

Fortunate Circumstances Perhaps.

One thing that America and Europe
have in common is an ability to see
one another's duty.—Duluth Herald.

Downtown Food.

A good wife is satisfied by hearing
her husband folks scold about the
downtown "have to eat" downtown.

Change of Modes,
Word From ParisFall Openings Reveal Radi-
cal Ideas in Women's
Apparel.

The autumn openings in Paris have
revealed the beginning of a fashion
dispute which promises considerable
interest to the amateur as well as to
the professional of fashion, writes a
Paris fashion correspondent in the
New York Times. One camp desires
the restoration of the tailored suit to
its proper position of elegance and
utility. The opposing party seeks
to restore the former elegance through
the medium of lines expressed in the
two and the three-piece costumes.
Patou, among those couturiers most
favored by Americans, has come out
strongly for the abolition of narrow
and tailored costumes generally. On
the other hand, old and well-recog-
nized houses like Carre and Tolleman
have introduced long, narrow, semi-
fitted tailored suits, which by their
new features are exciting much in-
terest.

Guided by the expressed prefer-
ence of their elite clientele most of
the houses that have opened are
showing gowns following the straight
slim line that women have decided
the most youthful and generally be-
coming.

There is a very effective three-piece
costume in rough suiting with a tiny
shepherd's plaid in black and white.
The coat is a useful straight sack
with a touch of green at the collar
and showing in the lining of the
sleeves that widen at the wrists. The
plastron front of the bodice is, just
the size and shape of the stiffened
part of a man's dress shirt. It is of
heavy green serge in a dark emerald
shade, and is fastened down the center
with some domed steel buttons. The
green is continued round in a small
yoke under the straight high collar,
and there is a double line of it at
the waist.

The always popular black velvet is
used in another suit for more dressy
occasions. This suit is studded with
small steel clumps in an effective de-
sign. Black fur furnishes the material
for the collar and is used as a finish
for the sleeves which, like the ma-
jority shown this fall, widen at the
wrists. The somberness of this cos-
tume is lessened by a lisse blouse in
silver made without sleeves. And the
skirt is appliqued onto this blouse in
a series of velvet circles of gradu-
ated sizes. There is a touch of rose-
colored embroidery at the waist.

Evening Dresses Rich in Color.

A serviceable dress in this collection
and an attractive one, too, is a little
blue serge, quite straight in line, that
opens down the side with a narrow
gold galon. This galon widens to sug-
gest a pointed pocket just below the
waistline, which is defined by a nar-
row belt. The high collar is also
bordered with the gold and a touch
of emerald green, both of which are
repeated in the cuff of the long
straight sleeve.

Evening dresses are rich in color
and material. Velvet is seen in bright



New Street Suit of Black Velvet Is
Trimmed With Scarlet Cloth and
Gold Braid.

rose and jade green with diamante
embroidery on gowns of straight lines.
Diamante is also used with great ef-
fect on black velvet; a jet embroide-
red black crepe de chine being the
one unrelieved black dress in the
collection. Gold lace is embroidered
with fine chenille on the apron front
and shoulder cape of another evening
dress, and the Chinese influence is
shown in a blue printed velvet in
Chinese design.

Paul Poiret gives us the picturesque
in dress with sometimes startling but
always original results. His long
skirts reach the ankle even in tailor-
made suits, and this season he is giv-
ing a medieval touch to his dresses
with long-waisted corsets fitting
tightly to the figure. Poiret still uses
the heavy padded ruff at the waist-
line or carries a full of the skirt ma-
terial over the shoulders high to
the hips through accentuating the
smallness of the waist.

There is, too, the usual surprise in
store for the beholder of Poiret's cre-
ations. A white dress shows a back
of unrelieved black. A black velvet
three-piece suit has a front of pome-
granate red.

An interesting black velvet suit has
the fashionable half-skirted coat and

sleeves which so many couturiers in
Paris are using. But Poiret with a
bold stroke adds a rather light-draped
skirt instead of the bell-shaped one
favored by Patou and other designers,
thereby showing the deference to the
popular taste for slender lines. At
the same time he raises his banner
in defense of the new silhouette in
the width he gives to the bottom of
the three-quarters coat. The scarlet
cloth and gold braid with which this
coat is trimmed can easily be replaced
by a trimming of less startling shade,
thus making the costume one which
the conventional-minded will find
more to their taste.

Modeled in Several Sections.

In the four-tiered skirt of the white
satin evening dress Poiret apparently



One of the Newest Paris Evening
Dresses of White Satin, With Black
Velvet Chou.

sets his stamp of approval on the new
fashion of modelling the skirt in sev-
eral sections, a fashion seen in day-
time costumes as well as in the
dressier ones for evening wear. The
dress is unrelieved with the exception
of the large clou of black velvet at
the left side, the ends of which sweep
the floor.

Another of the younger houses in
Paris, Paul Carre, also favors the
straight line, showing a few hooped
skirts for the "coming-out" wardrobe
of the young girl. Many of his dresses
are made without a belt, the waist be-
ing defined by drapery finished with
a buckle, and this designer also fa-
vors the many tiered skirts, usually
three. His skirts are longer than last
year, but are still a comfortable walk-
ing length.

A Paul Carre evening gown called
"In Dune en Rouge" is an example
of the 1880 outline, once more be-
coming popular, with a finely plaited
flounce from the knee in front. The
straight corage is finished with two
slanting bias basques, in front, and
curves down at the back, where it is
the starting point of two panel trains
each plaited from the knee downward
to match the flounce in front. Vivid
sealing wax red georgette is the ma-
terial used for this "new" old-fash-
ioned gown.

But out of all the gossip of fashion
salons and the more reliable gossip of
couturier's work rooms one gathers
that there is a strong tendency to dif-
ferentiate sharply between the lines
of street clothes and leisure-time
clothes. The tailored suit is being
revived, that is certain. Semi-rigid
costumes are coming to the fore for
daytime, or at least for morning wear,
and those who remain faithful to the
tailored frock will find that it has be-
come more tailored and less limp as
autumn advances.

In direct opposition to this mas-
culinity of street costumes is the femi-
ninity of afternoon and evening
dresses. Lilies and ribbons are used
in profusion, not only in the revival
of 1890 styles but in new and original
manner. Once more the waistline
goes back to normal level, that is, al-
most back, and with this change in
the figure of the modern woman ef-
ficient corseting is of increasing impor-
tance.

Eighteenth Century Styles.

At the recent Grand Prix ball in
Paris Eighteenth century styles were
much in evidence and marked the long
step fashionable women have taken in
the direction of puffs, ruffles and
frills. Circular skirts and skirts
which flare from the knee level to-
ward the feet stress the femininity of
modern styles.

All this is quite in line with Patou's
theory that lovely woman must not
reveal too much. Therefore he bans
the straight, tight tailored fash-
ions and champions the voluminous
skirt, whose fullness he harmonizes
with the modern idea of slenderness
by making his skirts of soft materials
which fall gracefully toward the
ground.

Orion Slowest Moving Star.

The slowest moving star is the
extremely hot bluish Orion star with
a speed of about eight miles a second,
while the most rapidly moving stars
are the deep-red stars with an average
velocity of 21 miles a second.

How to Judge People.

Jud Tunkins says it's more chari-
table to judge people by the company
they keep instead of by the kind of
phonograph records they pick out.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

WHY
Great Desert Belt in Africa
and Asia Grows Larger

Geographers assert that there is
every evidence that the great desert
belt that extends across Africa and
Asia at or a little above the tropic of
Cancer is growing larger and drier.
The Syrian desert, which is now an
utter waste, was crowded with cities
and full of cultivated fields only two
or three thousand years ago. Mesopo-
tamin and Persia, ancient seats of civi-
lization, could scarcely have risen so
high if their climate then had been
what it is now.

There are plenty of evidences that
the Sahara and the Libyan deserts
have encroached on the fertile lands of
North Africa and of the Sudan. The
old "granary of Rome" in Tunis is now
largely an arid waste. It is not surpris-
ing if the Nile draws less water than it
used to from its tributaries in the Su-
dan, and loses more than it used to by
evaporation. Most geographers agree
that the deserts are growing at pre-
sent. Some believe that it is only an
inevitable step in the drying up of the
earth, and expect the process to go on
forever, though perhaps with occasi-
onal remissions.

Other scholars say that there is evi-
dence of an extraordinary amount of
fluctuation in the climate of the world,
that there have been much drier peri-
ods than ours, as well as much rainier
ones, and that the widening of the
Northern desert band is only a phase
in a long time movement of climate
from wet to dry and back again. But
as these secular movements are ex-
tremely slow, often taking many thou-
sands of years to complete their swing,
none of us now living will be here long
enough to know which theory is the
right one.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA

Came Originally From the East Where
It Was Considered an Emblem
of Royalty.

The umbrella came to us from the
East, where it has been in use from
remote times, and where it was con-
sidered an emblem of royalty, and
dignity. Among the Greeks and Ro-
mans umbrellas were carried, solely
by women, and it was regarded as a
sign of effeminacy for a man to carry
one. It is not likely that the mate-
rials used were of any use against a
rainstorm, and they were designed
solely as a protection against the sun.
The use of umbrellas became very
general in Italy and France in the Six-
teenth century, and they soon became
an article of luxury and fashion. Dray-
ton, an English poet of the seven-
teenth century, writes:

And like umbrellas with their feathers
Shield you in all sorts of weather.

From this we must conclude that
feathers and ribbons ornamented the
article. Early in the Eighteenth cen-
tury it was the practice in England to
keep umbrellas in the coffee-houses
as a sort of protection to guests who
were caught in an unexpected shower,
but the use of individual umbrellas in
the home was still to come. In 1752,
Colonel Wolf, an English soldier,
wrote from Paris: "The ease-loving
French carry umbrellas with them
wherever they go, and in color, mate-
rial and ornamentation, they are indi-
cative of the rank and wealth of their
owners. They are used as a protec-
tion from both sun and rain. I marvel
that they have not yet been made popu-
lar in England." Shortly after this
they came into general use in Eng-
land.

Why Rice Paper Is Weak.

The use of rice straw is quite wide-
spread in the Far East, but when used
alone it makes poor paper. In order to
ascertain the cause of its weakness and
find a remedy, tests were made at the
University of Grenoble on some rice
straw from Indo-China. The straw was
cut, washed and cleaned for one hour.
Then it was cooked five hours with 18
per cent caustic soda at 5 degrees
Raueme concentration. The material
was then dechlorinated and washed and
bleached. The yield of bleached pulp
was 80 per cent. Next the pulp thus
obtained was beaten carefully, sized
and loaded with starch. Considerable
trouble on the machine was experi-
enced owing to the weakness of the pa-
per. The paper is, however, soft and
agreeable to the touch and is of satis-
factory whiteness. Rice straw pulp is
extremely fine—the finest fiber used in
paper making. The fibers are short,
fine and delicate and there are no large
fibers to form a solid framework. The
weakness of the fibers is due to the
thinness of their walls and the large
number of breaks in them is due to
heating. Owing to its weakness, rice
straw is hardly suitable for wrapping
papers, but it could be used for fine
writing and printing papers.—Paper
Trade Journal.

Why Pipe Is Called Meerschaum.

Meerschaum is a German word desig-
nating a soft white mineral found
floating on the surface of the Black
sea. In appearance it is rather sug-
gestive of sea foam, whence arose the
French name for the same substance,
ecume de mer, and the popular super-
stition that it is sea foam. Most meers-
chaum is obtained from Asia Minor,
chiefly from the plain of Eski-Shehr,
where it occurs in irregular nodular
masses in alluvial deposits. It occurs
also less plentifully in Greece, Thracia
and Samos, and also exists in the
combination as serpentine in Utah,
South Carolina, Pennsylvania in the
United States. The principal use to
which it is applied is the manufacture
of a rare kind of pipe.

To Irrigate High Bluffs.

It is planned to erect windmills
along the Columbia river at the wa-
ter's edge to irrigate the high bluffs.

Why Plane Fail.

Every plan is full of faults because
people are full of faults, and the op-
eration of plans depends on people.

